PICK ME UP—FOR A *POWER* PICK-ME-UP!

A POWER COMIC

SMASH!

No. 99
23rd DEC. 1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d

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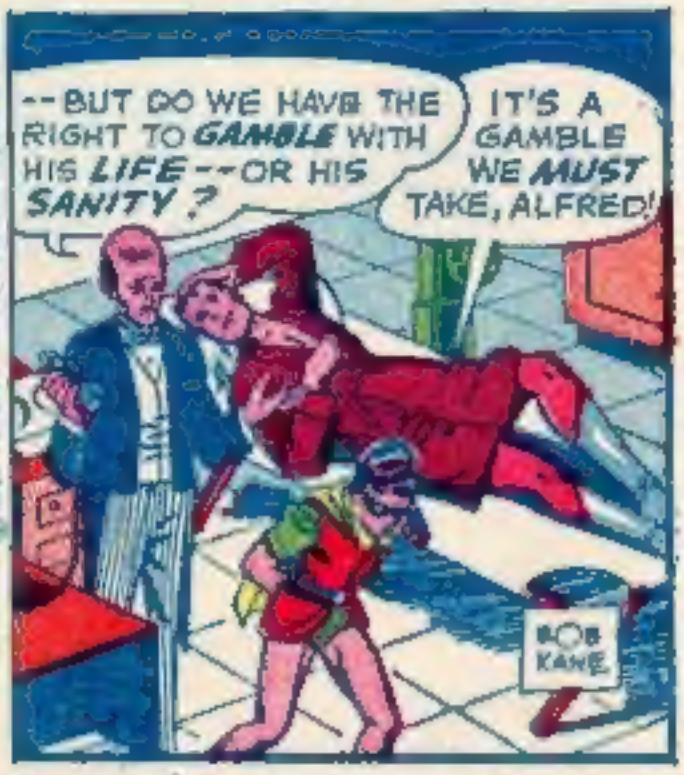

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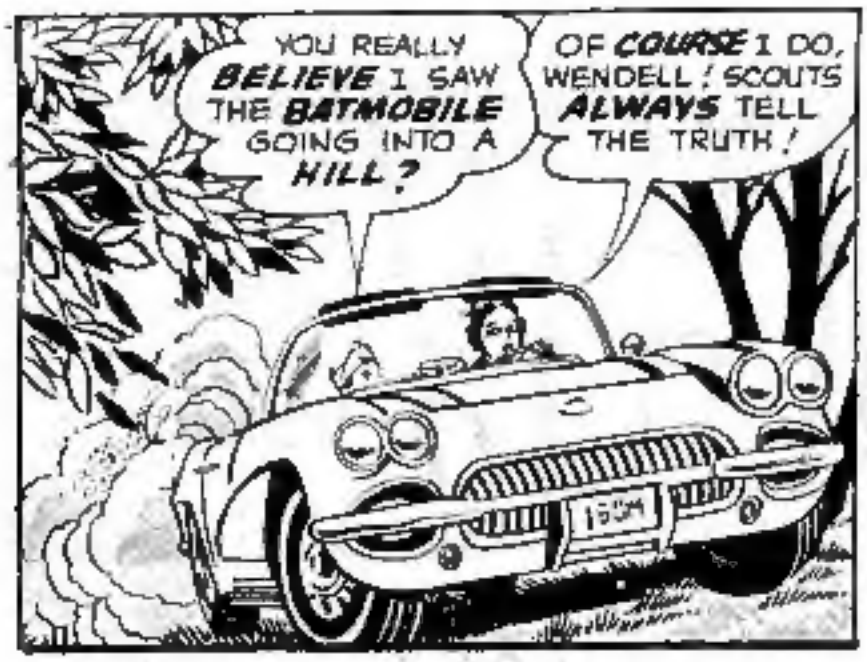

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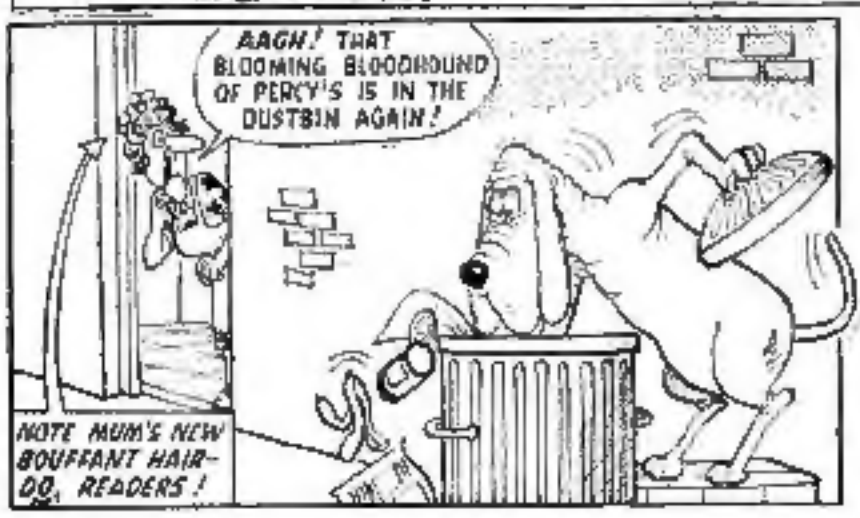
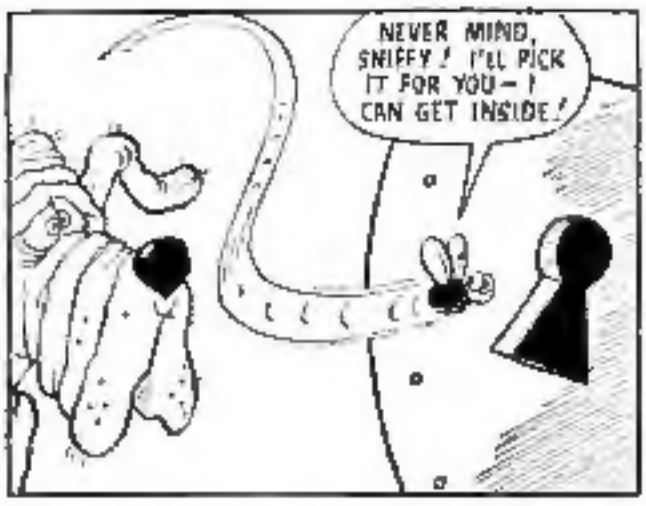
Percy's Pets

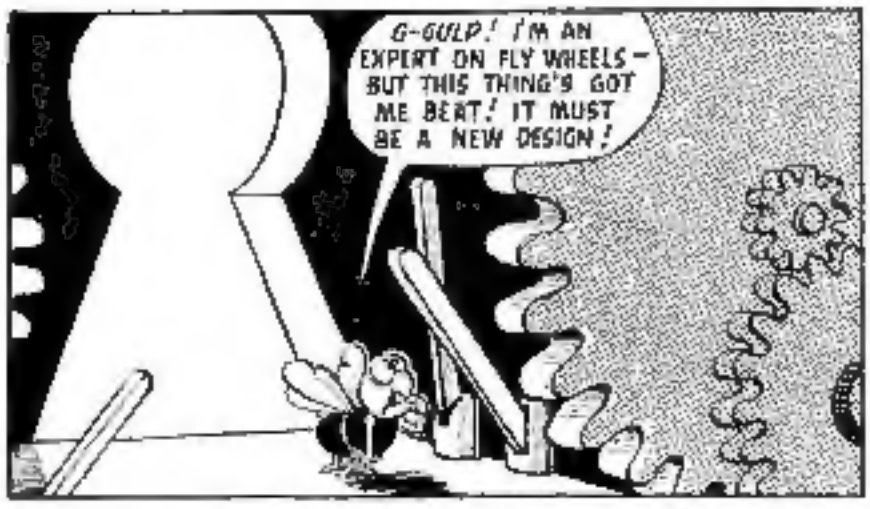

AAGH! THAT BLOOMING BLOODHOUND OF PERCY'S IS IN THE DUSTBIN AGAIN!
NOTE MUM'S NEW BOUFFANT HAIR-DO, READERS!

IT'S A SAD DAY WHEN YOU'VE GOT TO PUT A PADLOCK ON YOUR DUSTBIN!
SNIFF! I ONLY WANTED TO SEE IF THERE WERE ANY BLOOD ORANGES IN THERE!

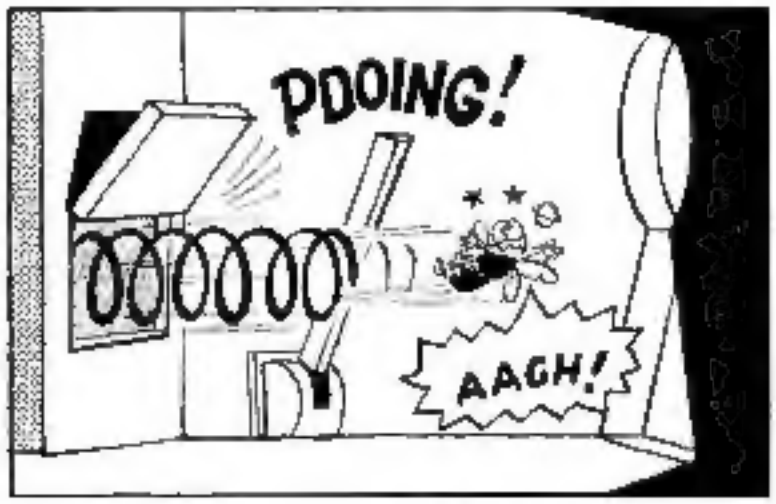
LEAVE IT TO ME, SNIFFY— I'M PRETTY GOOD AT PICKING LOCKS!
RAT TAT TAT

RECKON THEY MUST BE USING HARDER STEEL THESE DAYS!


NEVER MIND, SNIFFY! I'LL PICK IT FOR YOU— I CAN GET INSIDE!

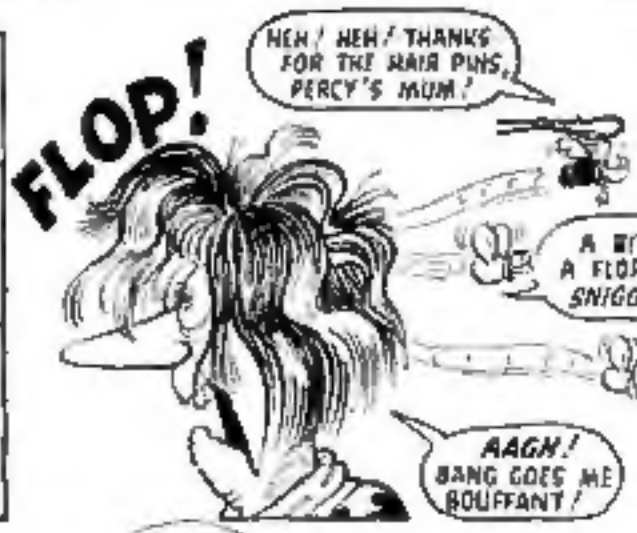

G-GULP! I'M AN EXPERT ON FLY WHEELS— BUT THIS THING'S GOT ME BEAT! IT MUST BE A NEW DESIGN!

I'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I PULL THIS— I'VE GOT TO START SOMEWHERE!


PDOING!
AAGH!

RECKON YOU'D BETTER TRY SOME-ONE ELSE, SNIFFY— I AIN'T GOING BACK IN THERE! IT'S DANGEROUS!
COO! RIGHT ON THE NOSE!
BONK!

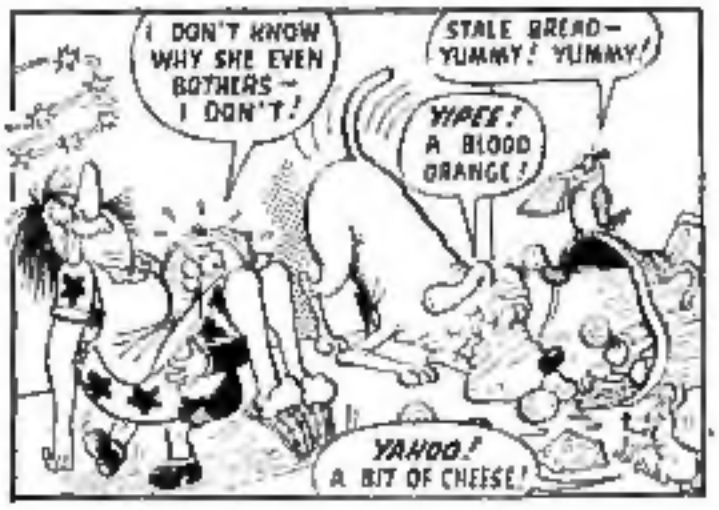
WHAT WE NEED ARE SOME HAIRPINS TO PICK THAT LOCK— JUST LIKE THEY DO ON THE TELLY!
NOW YOU'RE TALKING— GET ON WITH IT! SNIFF! SNIFF!


FLOP!
HEH! HEH! THANKS FOR THE HAIR PINS, PERCY'S MUM!
A BIT OF A FLOP, WHAT! SNIGGER!
AAGH! BANG GOES ME BOUFFANT!

GRR! WHERE ARE THEY? LET ME GET AT THEM!
OH, HECK! HERE COMES TROUBLE!

AAGH! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

CRASH!
COO! THAT'S ONE WAY TO OPEN IT!
WHY DIDN'T WE THINK OF THAT?

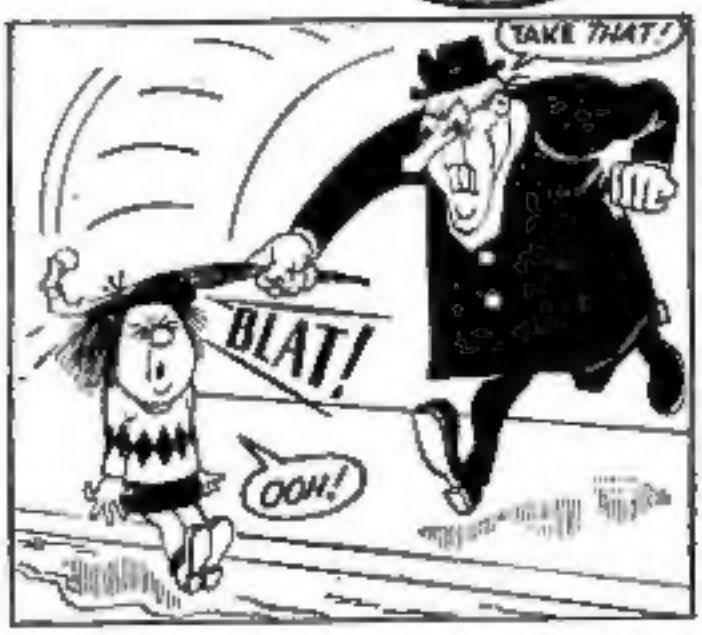

I DON'T KNOW WHY SHE EVEN BOTHERS— I DON'T!
STALE BREAD— YUMMY! YUMMY!
YIPEE! A BLOOD ORANGE!
YAHOO! A BIT OF CHEESE!

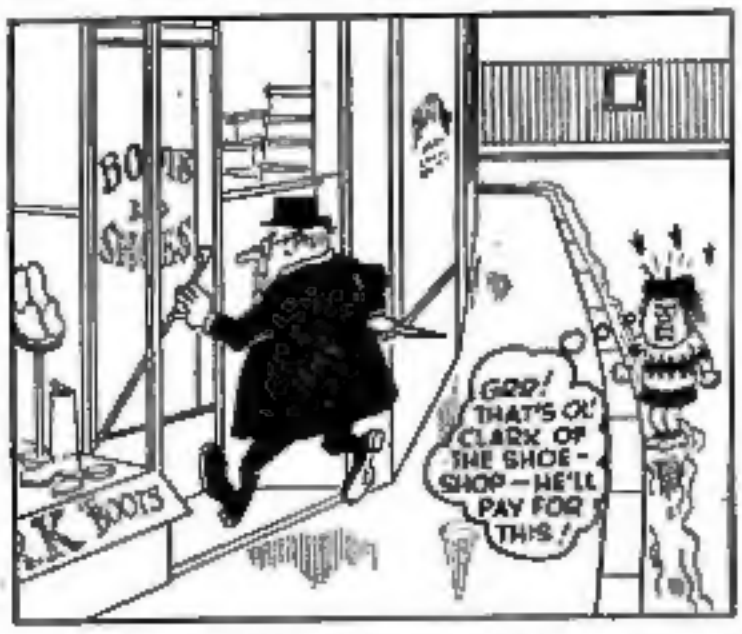
BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY
1967

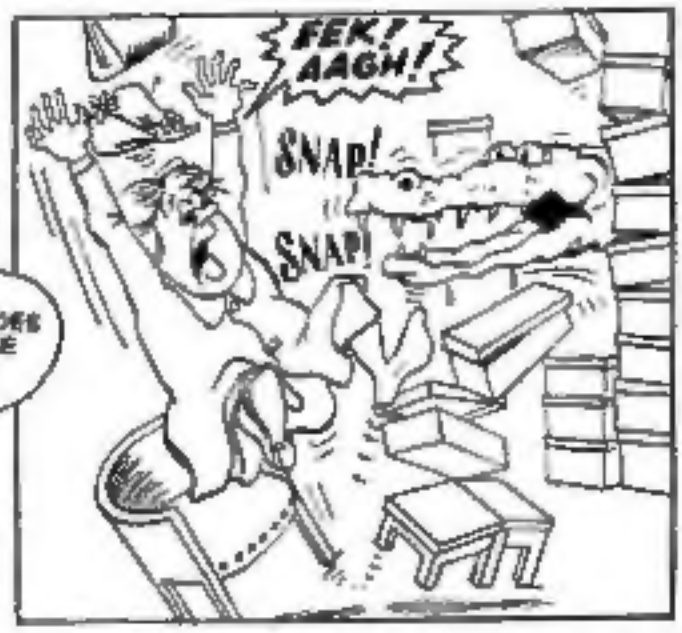
HEH! HEH! I LOVE SPLASHIN' IN PUDDLES!

AAGH! ME LOVELY CLEAN POLISHED SHOES!
JUMP!
TEE-HEE!
SPLOSH!


TAKE THAT!
BLAT!
OOH!


BOOTS & SHOES
K BOOTS
GRR! THAT'S OL' CLARK OF THE SHOE-SHOP—HE'LL PAY FOR THIS!

GATER—
HERE WE HAVE SOME BEAUTIFUL SHOES MADE FROM GENUINE CROCODILE SKIN, MADAM!


EEK! AAGH!
SNAP!
SNAP!

HEH! HEH! IT'S AMAZING WHAT AN OLD STUFFED HEAD CAN DO!

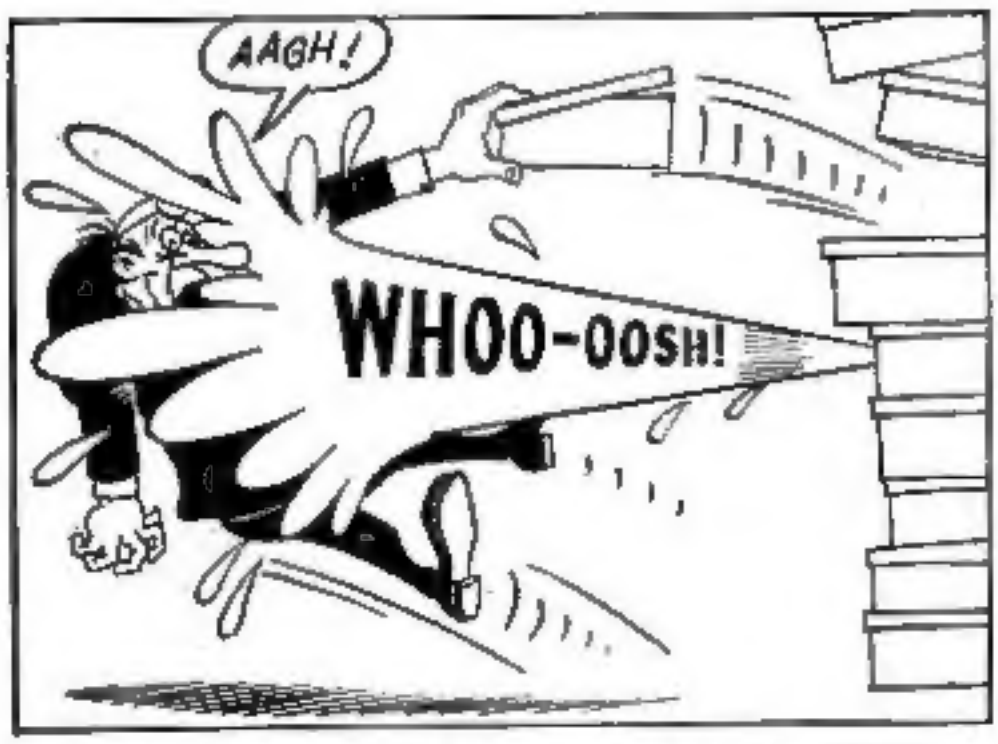
ED—PERHAPS YOU'D RATHER SEE SOMETHING IN PIGSKIN!
SHAKE!

OW!
STAB!
EEK! A PIG'S TAIL!

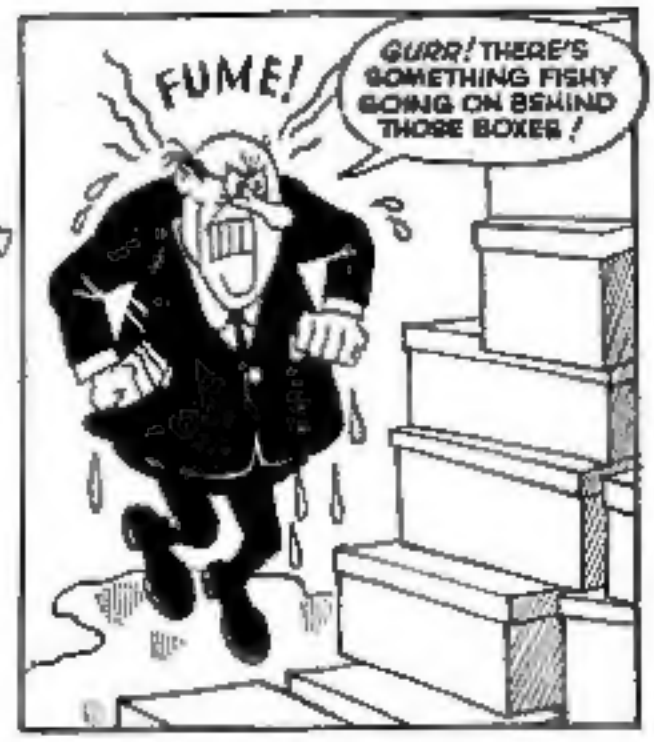
SHH! IT'S NOT REALLY! IT'S JUST AN OLD SPRING PAINTED PINK! TITTER!

ED—HOW ABOUT A NICE PLAIN COW-HIDE!
GULP!

GUARANTEED ONE-HUNDRED PER CENT WATER-PROOF!


AAGH!
WHOO-OOSH!

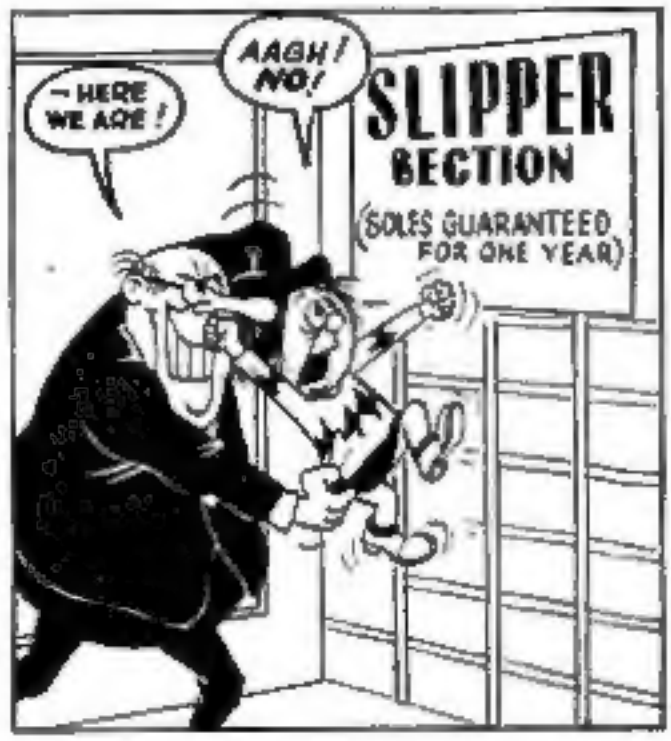
NOT MILK-PROOF COWHIDE, THOUGH!


FUME!
GURR! THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON BEHIND THOSE BOXES!

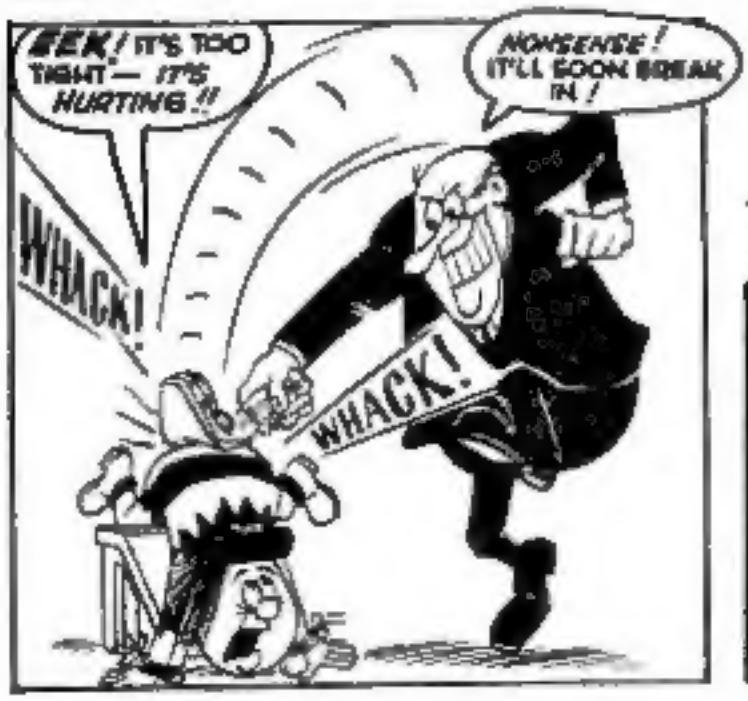
GRR! WHO IS IT—?
I'LL GET THEM!

YOU! THE BAD PENNY THAT ALWAYS TURNS UP!
GULP!

NOW YOU SHOULD BE INTERESTED IN THIS SECTION!
SANDALS


—HERE WE ARE!
AAGH! NO!
SLIPPER SECTION
(SOLES GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR)

PERFECT! YES, A PERFECT FIT!
NO! NO! IT'S MUCH TOO BIG!


EEK! IT'S TOO TIGHT— IT'S HURTING!!
NONSENSE! IT'LL SOON BREAK IN!
WHACK!
WHACK!

COO! A YEAR'S WEAR IN TEN MINUTES!

BAH! BACK TO PUDDLES AGAIN!
SSSSS
SSSSIZZLE!
SSS

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE...

Nigel Hughes, Barrow-in-Furness; Glenn Yale, Parson Cross, Sheffield 5, Yorks.; Graham Roberts, Rhymney, Mon., Charles Pearson, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs.; Matthew Rees, Radipole, Weymouth; K. McMahon, Hetton-le-Mole, Co. Durham; Peter A. Webb, Beeston, Leeds, Yorks.; Alistair McLean, Argyll, Scotland; S. Bowyer, Northwich, Cheshire; Anthony Beout, Neath, Glamorgan; Marcia Magee, Aridoiass, Co. Down; Charles Boyle, Rothesay, Bute, Scotland; John Ross, W. Lothian, Scotland; Barry Seymour, South Ruislip, Middx.; Malcolm McGowan, Dagenham, Essex; Boyd Mundell, Toward By Dunoon, Argyll; Ellis Ezekiel, London, N.16; Martin Roberts, Medina, West Australia; Gordon Scott, Blythe, Northumberland; Stephen Baker, Pontypridd.

'MEMBER we gave mensh to the musically-minded garreteers a few days back. Well, that started off something and so we're going to pepper you with more pungent particularising about Power House personnel. Seems we can claim to be represented by the LITERARY as well as the musical. All started when someone ups and infos us that DEVILISH DAVE TINKLER, chief sub in "Terrific," is a B.A. (and we do mean a Bachelor of Arts)! In other words, he has a DEGREE! In ENGLISH! Then we discover that DARLING DAN LLOYD is, apart from being a highly efficient chief sub, also Assistant Editor of . . . and how do you like this? . . . "THE FLYING SAUCER REVIEW." And to cap it all KID KEN MENNELL dropped a subtle-as-a-bulldozer hint that HE HAS A BOOK BEING PUBLISHED NEXT YEAR . . . one of those autobiographical "How I Won The War" jobs! Yes, we really have to admit it (and don't think the idea repulses us) that we're really quite an INTERESTING bunch up here in the garret. Unusual! For example, take this white-bearded old chap in the kooky red garb who's been seen wandering about the offices these past few days. There's something different about him, too. Mind you, we don't quite know who he is or where he came from . . . or what he's doing here anyway. No one likes to ask him in case he's offended. Could be, he's a BRAND X agent, but he looks far too nice a gent for that. And there's this big, bulging sack he's always humping around with him. Maybe he's a new mail-man whose lost his way? Your guess is as good as ours!

* * *

SEEING TO THINGS AT THE LAST MINUTE (that's the way it always seems to be up here in the garret) the gang were discussing what to get who for Christmas this year. What to get our leader, for instance. Well, someone suggested A SKULL CAP to stop him tearing his hair out each weekly press day. A pair of undetachable socks was mooted for BOLD BART (where did that story start up about his foot-gear?) but that was ruled out as impracticable! Came the bright idea of an addressing machine for CASANOVA COS, so he could get his Valentine Cards off in time for once next year (after all he only has two months or so left to get them ready). The list went on and on . . . but as we don't want you frantic ones to think we're DROPPING HINTS or anything . . . well, we'll tell you what the gang really got in their stockings . . . AFTER Christmas!

ADVERTISEMENT

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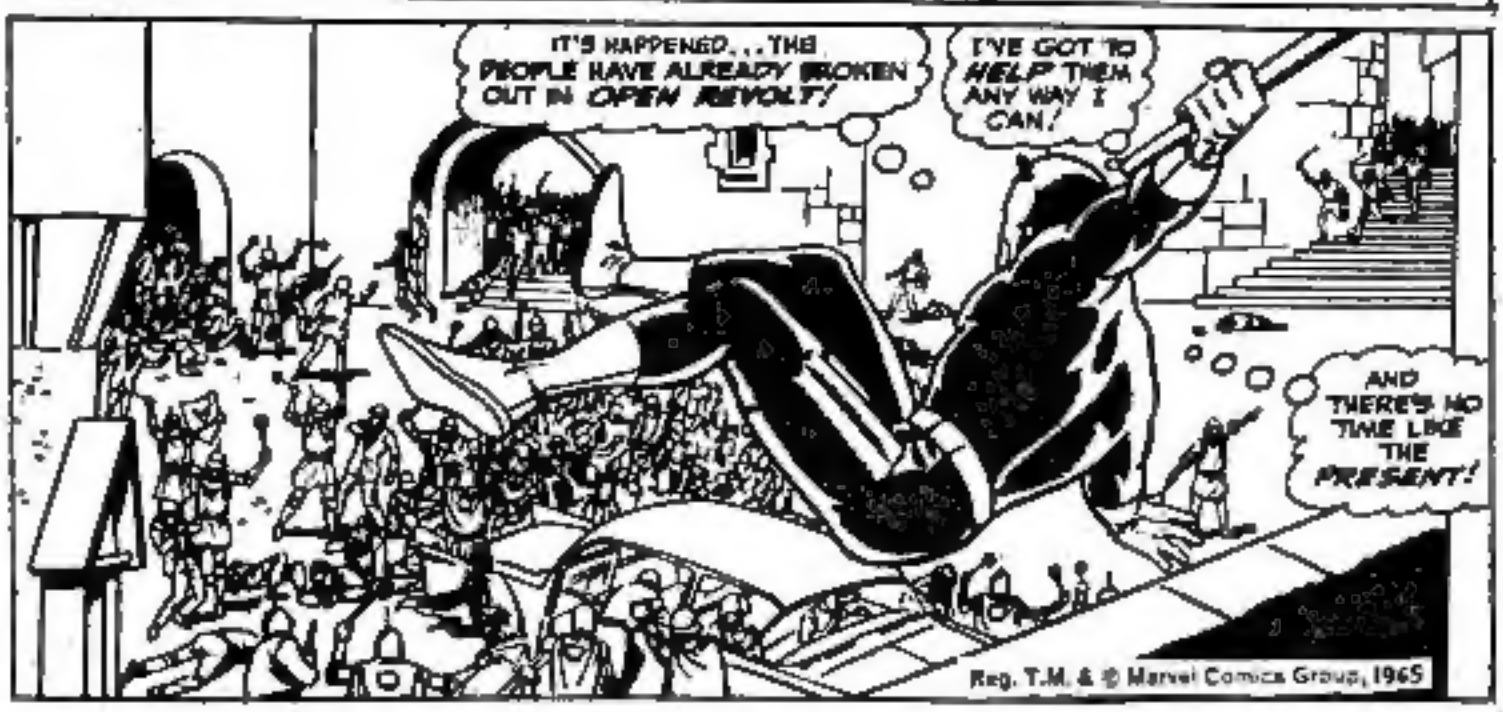
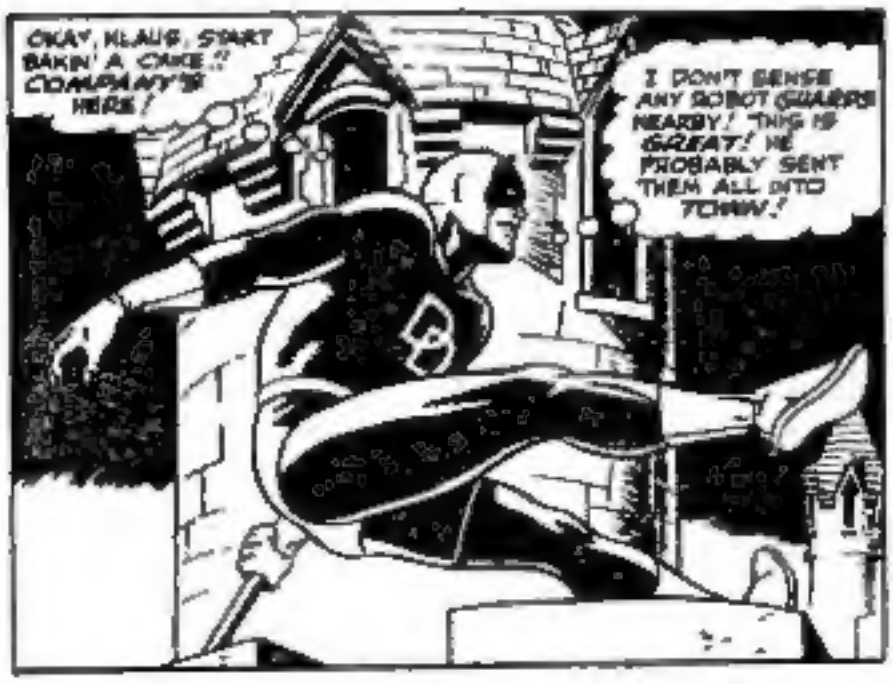
THE DYNAMIC DAREDEVIL...IN...

THE KILLER'S CASTLE!

KLAUS KRUGER, DUKE OF LICHTENBAD CONTROLS HIS UNHAPPY COUNTRY WITH A **ROBOT ARMY!**

HOW CAN EVEN **THE SWASH-BUCKLING *DAREDEVIL*** FREE THE UNARMED CITIZENS FROM SUCH A YOLK OF TYRANNY?




OKAY, KLAUS, START BAKIN' A CAKE!! COMPANY'S HERE!
I DON'T SENSE ANY ROBOT GUARDS NEARBY! THIS IS GREAT! HE PROBABLY SENT THEM ALL INTO TOWN!

THAT MEANS IT'LL BE JUST THE TWO OF US FOR FUN AND GAMES!

AND, UNLESS MY RADAR SENSE CONKED OUT, MY ROYAL PLAY-MATE IS RIGHT BELOW ME NOW!
SO! YOU HAVE CHOSEN TO RETURN TO MY CASTLE! THUS, YOU HAVE SEALED YOUR DOOM!

HOW COME ALL YOU PROFESSIONAL BAD GUYS USE THE SAME CORNBALL DIALOGUE? DO YOU ALL STUDY FROM THE SAME MANUAL?
IF I CAN JUST DIVERT HIM LONG ENOUGH TO TO GET MY HANDS ON HIM!!

CLANG!
WOOO BOY!
PEASANT! YOU ARE HOPELESSLY OUT-CLASSED BY THE GREATEST HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTER IN EUROPE!

NONE CAN DEFEAT KLAUS KRUGER!
I WAS BORN TO RULE... DESTINED TO COMMAND! TODAY I AM MONARCH OF LICHTENBAD! TOMORROW... THE UN-SUSPECTING WORLD SHALL FALL TO MY ARMS, AND MY ROBOT LEGIONS!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT, YOU PENNY-ANTE ATTILA!

CAREFUL! A THING LIKE THAT COULD HURT A FELLA!
THIS IS WHAT I WANT... THE CONTROL BUTTON AT THE SIDE OF HIS THRONE!!
CLIK!

YOU USED MY OWN FORCE SHIELD AGAINST ME!
THESE OTHER BUTTONS... I CAN FEEL THE PULSATING POWER BEHIND THEM!

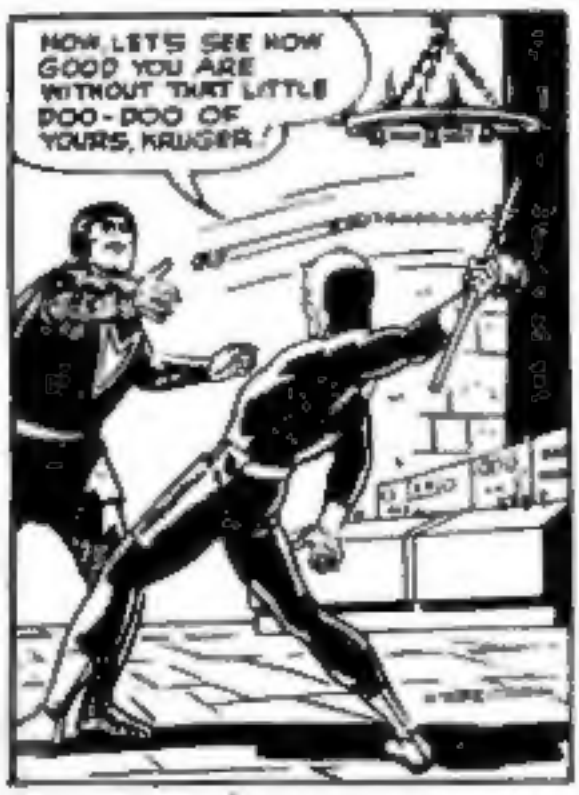
THEY'RE THE ONES I WANT... THE ONES THAT CONTROL HIS ROBOT ARMY! CORRECTION-- THAT CONTROLLED HIS ROBOT ARMY!
UH-OH! I JUST SENSED THE FORCE SHIELD VANISHING!
YOU DON'T REALIZE I COULD ALSO CONTROL THE FORCE SHIELD FROM HERE! AND NOW, NOTHING CAN SAVE YOU FROM MY VENGEANCE!!
WHOOK!

YOU CAN'T DODGE MY ATTACK FOR-EVER! ALL I NEED DO IS STRIKE YOU ONCE!

BEFORE YOU CONNECT WITH THAT OVER-SIZED YO-YO, KRUGER, I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING...!
AKK!

...AN ATTITUDE LIKE YOURS MIGHT GIVE YOUR TOURIST TRADE A REAL BLACK EYE!
THAT WAS THE LAST TAUNTING REMARK YOU'LL EVER UTTER!

GUESS AGAIN, CHUCKLES!
BOOK!


NOW, LET'S SEE HOW GOOD YOU ARE WITHOUT THAT LITTLE DOO-DOO OF YOURS, KRUGER!

ONE KARATE CHOP... THAT IS ALL IT WILL TAKE... AT THE HAND OF A MASTER SUCH AS I!

I ADMIRE YOUR ENTHUSIASM, DUKEY!! TOO BAD I CAN'T SAY AS MUCH FOR YOUR SPEED!
UNHHHH!

IT'S DAREDEVIL! I READ ABOUT HIM IN AMERICA... THOUGHT HE WAS JUST A LEGEND! WHAT IS HE DOING HERE?

HEAR THAT, KRUGER?? THE SOUND OF EXPLOSIONS! THAT'S YOUR PEOPLE, DESTROYING THE ROBOT ARMY WHICH I'VE DE-ACTIVATED!
I'VE WON!! YOU AND YOUR TYRANNY ARE FINISHED!
NOT YET! I STILL HAVE A TRUMP CARD... AND EVEN YOU CAN'T STOP ME FROM PLAYING IT!

THEN IT IS DAREDEVIL WHO BROKE THE ELECTRICAL CIRCUITS, FREEING ME FROM THE DUNGEON! BUT... HIS BODY IN THAT COSTUME... IT IS EXACTLY THE SAME AS THE CONFORMATION OF MATT MURDOCK'S PHYSIQUE, WHEN I EXAMINED HIM! SO THAT'S HIS SECRET!
WITHIN SECONDS, A RADIO-ACTIVE COBALT CLOUD WILL SWEEP OVER THE EARTH...!
YOU MADMAN! DON'T TOUCH THAT LEVER!

YOU'RE TOO LATE! NOTHING CAN STOP IT NOW! ALL OF MANKIND SHALL DIE WITH ME! SO, EVEN IN DEFEAT, I HAVE WON!
IT'LL BE ANOTHER FEW SECONDS BEFORE THE ATOMIC PILE REACHES CRITICAL MASS! IF I CAN GET TO IT IN TIME...
DAREDEVIL HAS DONE ALL THAT HE CAN... NOW, ONLY I AM CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE SAFETY RODS...!

I MUSTN'T BE TOO LATE!! I MUSTN'T!! TWO BILLION LIVES ARE AT STAKE!!

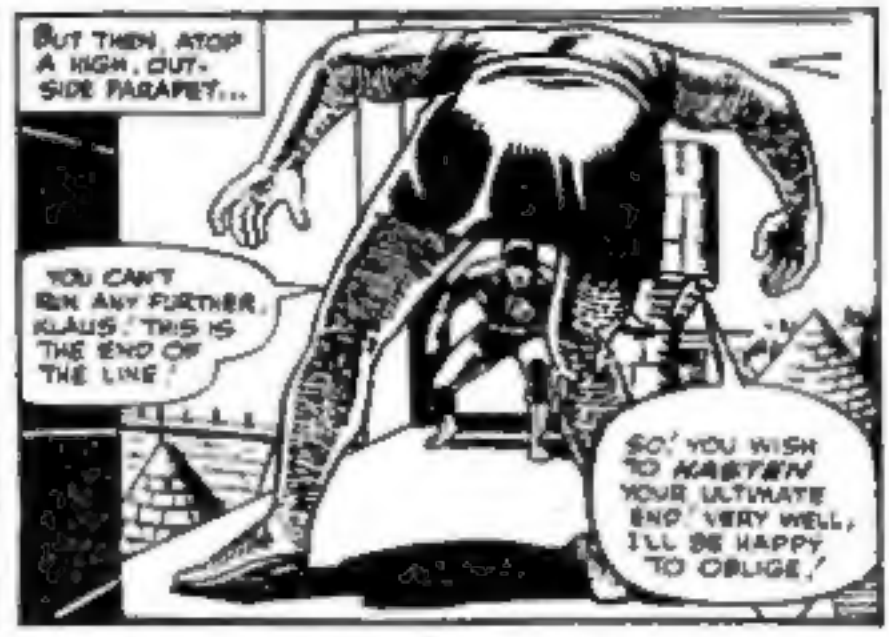
JUST ANOTHER SECOND... THAT'S ALL I NEED!!

IT'S DONE! THE RODS... ARE DISCONNECTED!! BUT... THE RADIATION... SO INTENSE... SO AGONIZING...!

THE WORLD... MAY NEVER KNOW... DAREDEVIL... BUT... YOU AND I... WE SAVED MANKIND...!

WHILE, ON THE STAIRWAY OUTSIDE, DAREDEVIL'S SUPER-KEEN SENSES TELL HIM THAT THE DANGER IS PAST...!
SOMETHING INTERFERED WITH THE NUCLEAR PILE... THE WORLD'S SAFE AGAIN! SO I CAN REALLY CONCENTRATE ON THE JOB AT HAND!

WHY DO YOU CONTINUE TO PURSUE ME, YOU FOOL...?


BUT THEN, ATOP A HIGH, OUTSIDE PARAPET...
YOU CAN'T RUN ANY FURTHER, KLAUS! THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE!
SO! YOU WISH TO HASTEN YOUR ULTIMATE END! VERY WELL, I'LL BE HAPPY TO OBLIGE!

YOU'VE INTERFERED WITH MY PLANS FOR THE LAST TIME! UP HERE, ATOP MY CASTLE, I AM THE MASTER! KLAUS KRUGER CANNOT BE DEFEATED!!

KRUGER... STAY BACK! DON'T DO IT! YOU NEED A DOCTOR... A PSYCHIATRIST... IT MAY NOT BE HOPELESS!

YOU DARE SPEAK THUS TO THE MAN WHO HOLDS THE HUMAN RACE WITHIN HIS GRASP?!

IT IS YOU WHO... ARHHHH! NO! NO!

STOP! I WARN YOU!! DON'T, KRUGER... DON'T...!

PERHAPS IT'S BETTER THIS WAY! IN DEATH HE MAY FIND THE PEACE THAT COULD NEVER BE HIS WHILE HE LIVED!

NOOOOOOOOOO

SECONDS LATER...

MY RADAR SENSE REVEALS A LIFELESS FIGURE IN THE ROOM WITH THE NUCLEAR PILE!

THE SIZE, SHAPE AND GENERAL CONFORMATION CAN BE NONE OTHER THAN DR. VAN EYCK! THEN HE'S THE ONE... THE ONE WHO SAVED US!

HIS WHOLE LIFE WAS DEVOTED TO SCIENCE... TO HELPING MANKIND! AND HERE, IN THIS FAR-OFF KINGDOM, HE GAVE THE LAST FULL [illegible] OF DEVOTION!

AS FOR ME, FATE HAS DECREED THAT I REMAIN SIGHTLESS... FOR HE WAS THE ONLY SURGEON CAPABLE OF PERFORMING THE DELICATE OPERATION NEEDED TO RESTORE MY VISION!

REST IN PEACE, DOCTOR! YOU SHALL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN!

HOURS LATER, IN NEW YORK...

FOGGY, LOOK! A CABLE... FROM MATT! HE'S COMING HOME ON THE NEXT JET! ISN'T THAT FABULOUS?!!

YES, KAREN! FABULOUS!

DOES HE... MENTION THE RESULT OF HIS OPERATION?

THERE WAS NO OPERATION! HE SAYS HE'LL EXPLAIN WHEN HE RETURNS! I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED?

IT SEEMS PRETTY OBVIOUS! HE LOST HIS NERVE AT THE LAST MINUTE! OUR FRIEND MATT IS NOT EXACTLY THE BRAVEST OF MEN!

AND FINALLY...

HOW I HATE MYSELF FOR SPEAKING ABOUT MY PARTNER... AND MY BEST FRIEND... LIKE THAT! AND YET... IF NOT FOR MATT... I'M SURE KAREN WOULD BE ... MINE!

HE'LL RETURN AS HE LEFT... WITHOUT HIS SIGHT... NEVER DARING TO FALL IN LOVE... NEVER KNOWING HOW MUCH I ADORE HIM!

BUT, AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT PROBLEM FACES DAREDEVIL NEXT ISSUE, AS HE BATTLES A STRANGE TEAM OF MYSTERIOUS SUPER-FOES! IT'S RIGHT UP YOUR ALLEY! SEE YOU THEN! 'NUFF SAID!

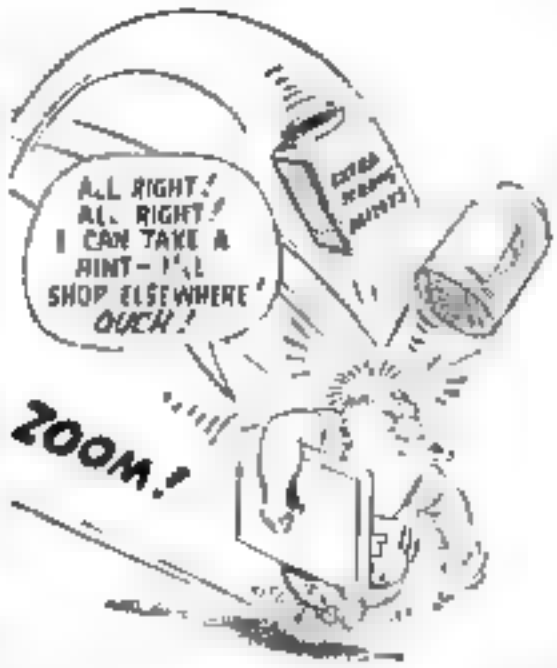
THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN!

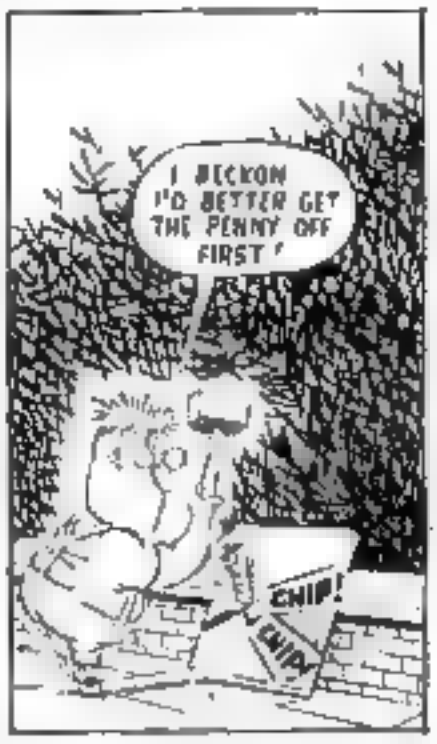
APPEARS EVERY WEEK IN:

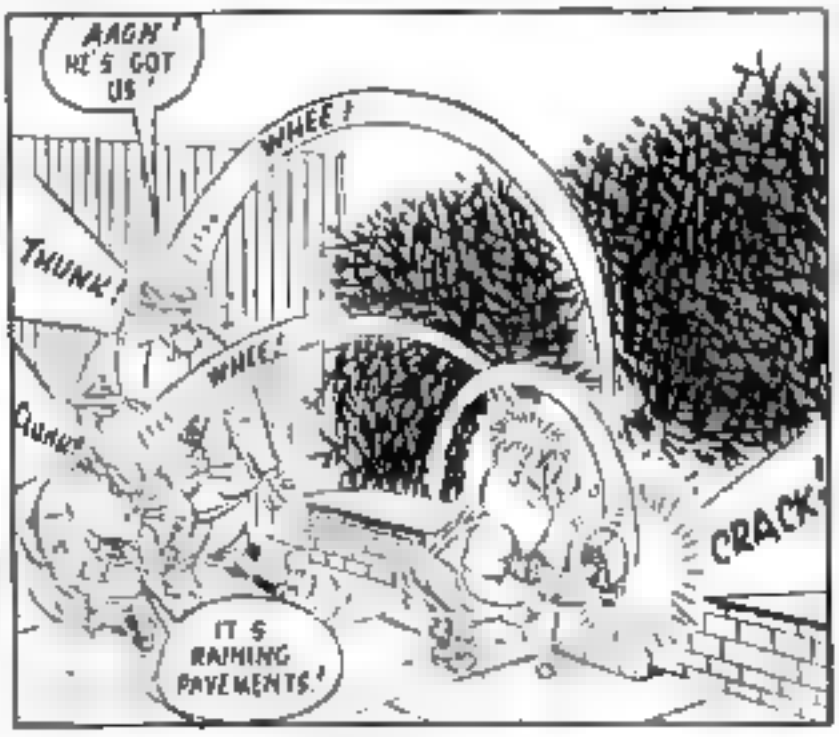
POW!

MEET THE STRONGEST BOY IN THE WORLD . . .

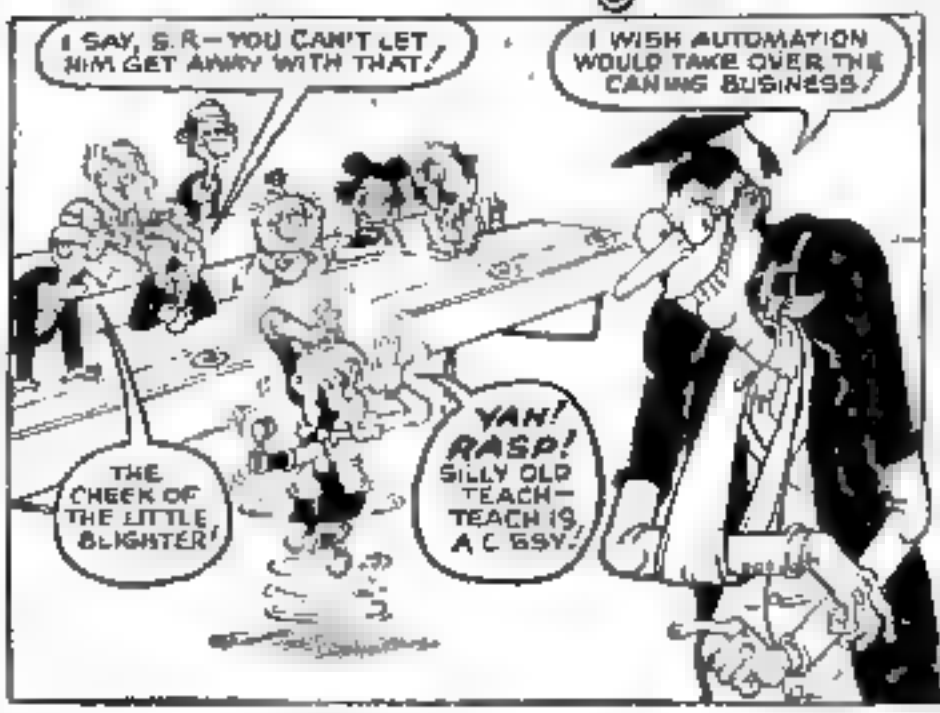
TUFFY McGREW







The SWOTS and the BLOTS



YAH! MISSED ME!

AND YOU TOO, MAV'S 'GRR! GRR!

WHEEEEE! TEACH MAKES A SMASHING MAYPOLE!

AND YOU REPORT TO THE HEAD-MASTER!

TEACH HAS GOT A GREAT BIG NOSE AND 'ORRIBLE SMELLY FEET! AND—

WELL, THE HEADMASTER'S GOING TO BE BUSY— I SENT THEM ALL ALONG THERE!

AND IT SERVES THEM RIGHT TOO, SIR!

CAN'T LET THE BOUNDERS GET AWAY WITH THAT SORT OF THING, YOU KNOW!

SUFFERING SOAPSUDS— WHERE ARE THAT LOT GOING?

YAHOO! LET'S GO!

NO MORE SCHOOL TODAY!

LATER...

I SAY, SIR— SHOULDN'T THOSE TWERPS BE BACK BY NOW?

CYRIL'S RIGHT— I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING THEM? I HOPE THE HEAD HASN'T LAID THEM OUT!

TO HEAD MASTER

AAGH! HE'S NOT HERE AND NEITHER ARE THE BLOTS—

WON'T BE IN TODAY— GONE TO PLAY GOLF

... AND I SENT THEM TO THE HEADMASTER!

S-W-I-P-E!

HEH! HEH! TEACH SAID REPORT TO THE HEADMASTER BUT WE CAN'T FIND HIM ANYWHERE!

THROW!

I FILLED IN THIS HOLE FOR YOU!

DONK

SAVES THE OLD SHOE LEATHER!

BUNKER

GRRR!

BOUNCE!

BOUNCE!

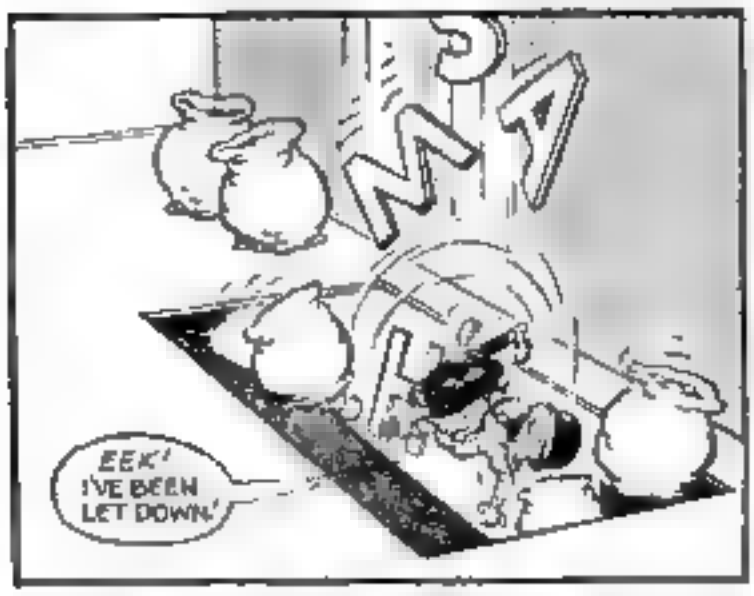
BOUNCE!

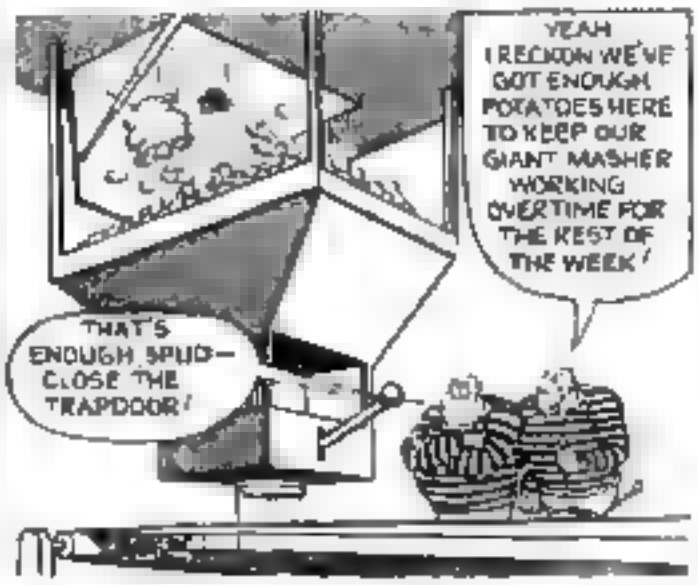
COO! THAT'S THE HEADMASTER, ISN'T IT?

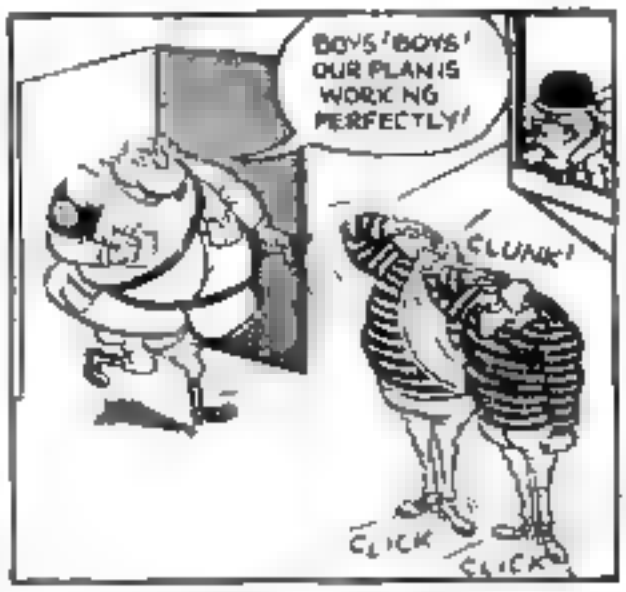
OOH! THIS IS BETTER THAN BRIGHTON!

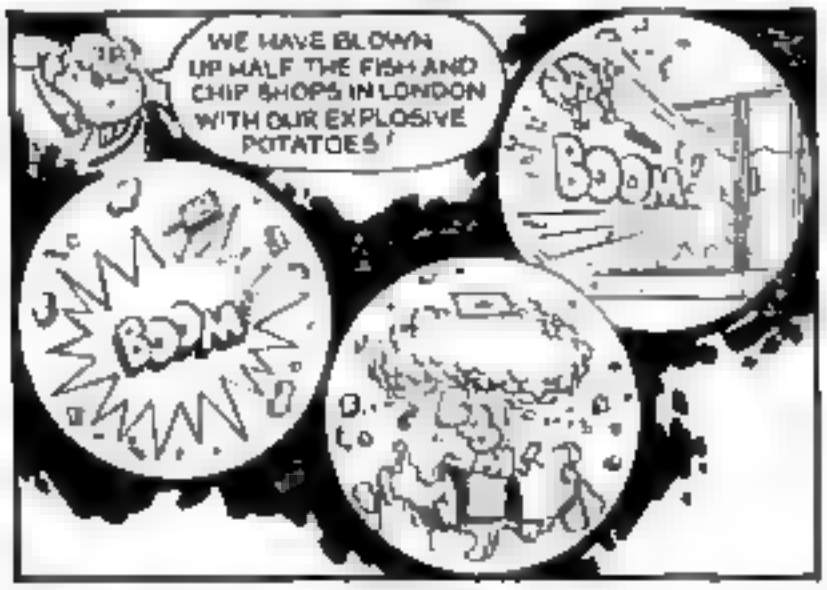
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

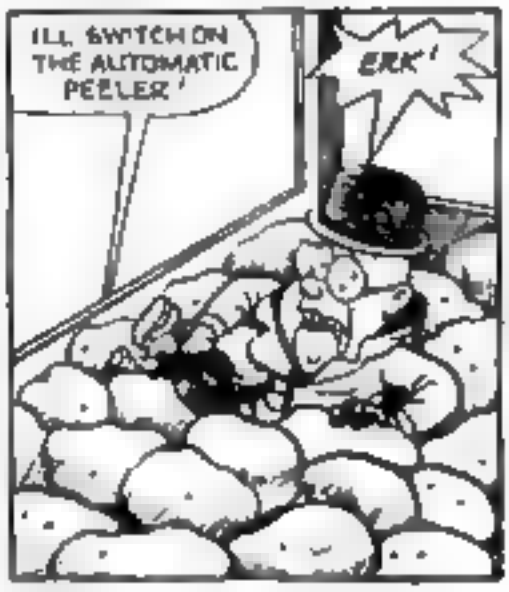
FISH AND CHIP SHOPS ALL OVER LONDON HAVE BEEN BLOWN UP BY AN ORGANISATION CALLED 'MASH'—BUT THE MAN FROM B U N G L E HAS JUST —ER— TUMBLED ON THEIR HEADQUARTERS.

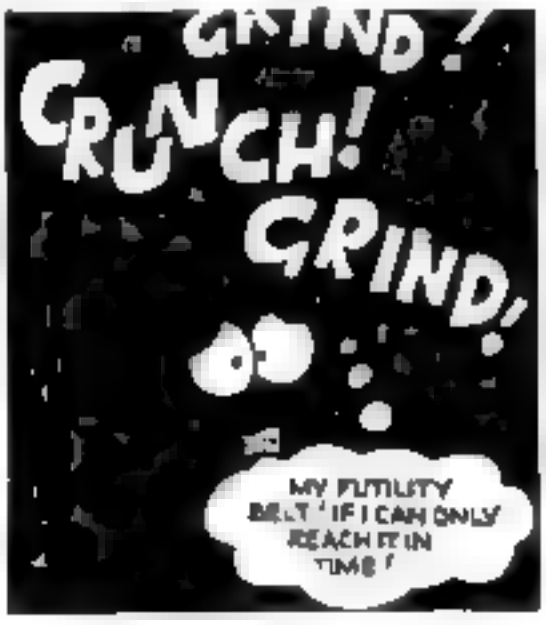








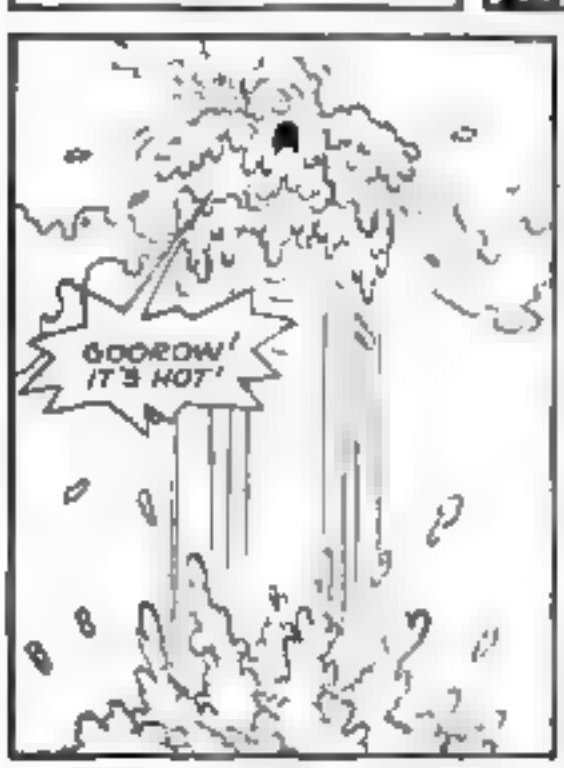




NOW YOU KNOW WHY IT'S CALLED A FUTILITY BELT! STILL, I MANAGED TO USE THE BUCKLE TO CUT MYSELF FREE IN TIME!
GRIND!
CRUNCH!

CRUNCH
GRIND
GRIND
CHURN
QUICKLY! I WANT TO SEE HIM GO INTO THE MASHER!
OO-ER! I'D BETTER HIDE!

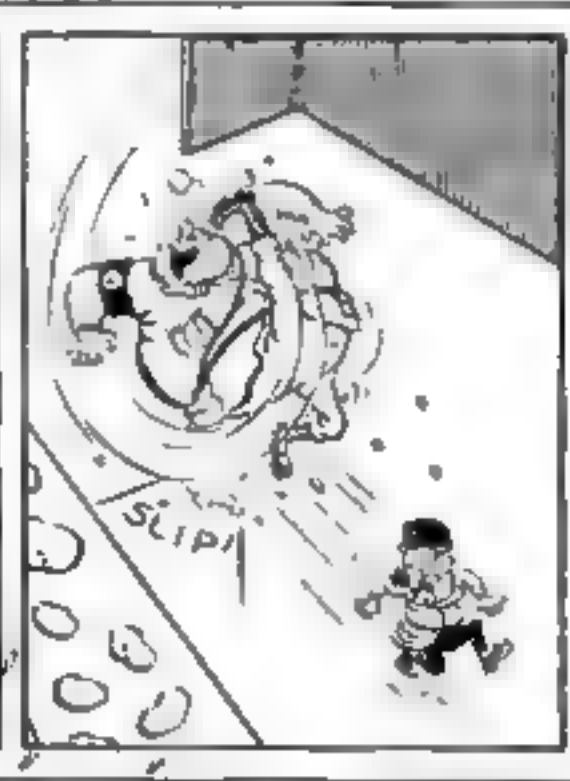
LEAP!
SPLOSH!

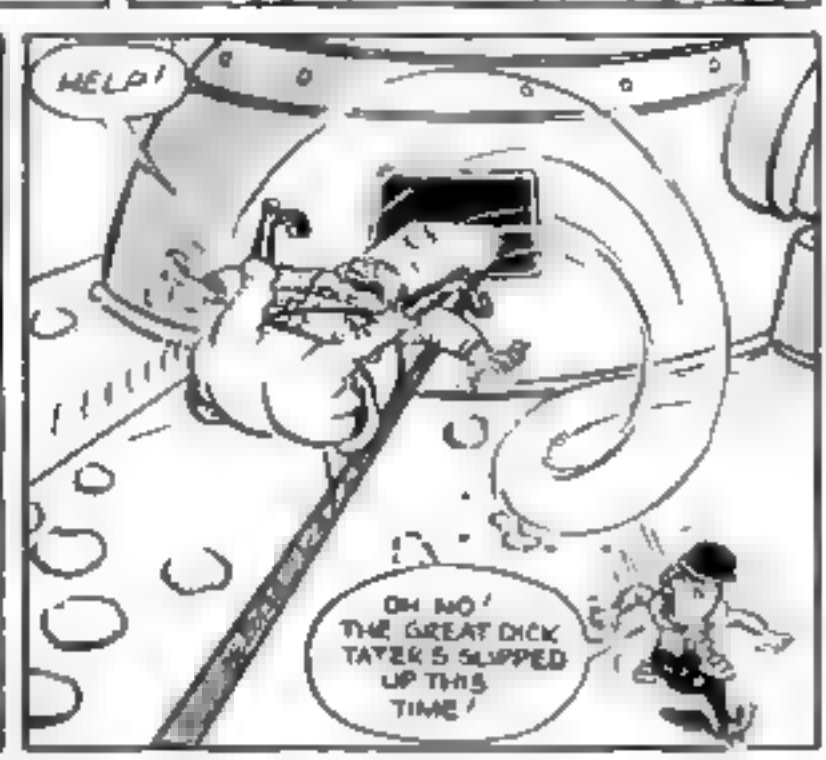

GOOROW! IT'S HOT!

HELP! IT'S HIS GHOST!
HE'S GOING TO HAUNT US! RUN FOR IT!
DASH!
OOH! EEEE! IT'S UP BY DOSE AAH–

COME BACK, YOU FOOLS – GHOSTS DON'T SNEEZE – IT'S HIM!
CRASH!
–CHOO!

HE'LL BE A GHOST ALL RIGHT WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON HIM!
ZOOM!


SLIP!


HELP!
OH NO! THE GREAT DICK TATER'S SLIPPED UP THIS TIME!

CRUNCH! BANG! PYOING!

BOO'HOO! ALL MY PLANS– RUINED!
COO! FANCY HIM CRYING! HE WAS SO THICK-SKINNED HE BROKE THE MACHINE!
NOW TO GET THE CHIEF'S SUPPER AN' REPORT BACK!

ABOUT TIME, TOO – TWO HOURS TO GET ME FISH SUPPER – AND YOU'VE EVEN BUNGLED THAT – WHO'EVER HEARD OF FISH AND MASH!
DID I SAY SOMETHING WRONG?
AND THAT WRAPS UP ANOTHER PLAKE-ER-CASE! BUT BUNGLE WILL BE BUNGLING ANEW NEXT ISH!

SMASH -CHAT!

Have you got anything to say? Chat it over with Alf and Cos. YOU could win a £1!

Dear Alf and Cos,
I agree with SMASH reader Mike Phillips that we should have Westerns in SMASH. I love reading about Two-Gun Kid, Ghost Rider, etc., so please put a Western in SMASH!

Philip Greenhalgh,
Bolton, Lancs.

Thanks, Phil—and all you others who wrote in concerning Westerns. We're thinking about it, pardners!
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
In SMASH No. 92, when Rubberman heard the tiger growl, you said it made his blood run cold. Well, how can his blood run cold if he is made of rubber?

Marie Payne,
Retford, Notts.

Perhaps we should have said the growl made his flesh CREPE.
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
When I read "News from the Floor of 64," I nearly had a heart attack! So get rid of Daredevil and keep the Hulk, keep the Hulk, keep the Hulk, keep the Hulk, keep the Hulk, keep the Hulk, keep the Hulk!

Philip Sharp,
Hull.

Everyone needs a break, Phil, even ol' Greenskin! Meantime, give DD another read through. He's really quite an exciting guy, believe us!
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I am a fanatical reader of your Power Comics and in particular, SMASH. I would like to congratulate you both on making a strip in your comic for Daredevil. I think he's great. I used to buy his comics for tenpence, but now you feature him in SMASH and with many more of my favourite characters I think SMASH is a very good buy for sevenpence.

R. Buchanan,
Liverpool 15.

So do we, fella—and luckily for us, so do a lot of other power-packed people!
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I have written to you three times already without success and I've been racking my brains trying to think of something to write about. Now at last I've got it! I think it would be a good idea to have an alphabet code for ALL SMASH READERS to use. It goes like this:

A = Z	N = M
B = Y	O = L
C = X	P = K
D = W	Q = J
E = V	R = I
F = U	S = H
G = T	T = G
H = S	U = F
I = R	V = E
J = Q	W = D
K = P	X = C
L = O	Y = B
M = N	Z = A

Get it?

Yours codeingly,
Hmwix Ov Tilev,
Hull.

We get it—and you've just got yourself a kifmw!
Alf and Cos.

WLM'G NRHH MVCG DVVP'H TIZMW XSIRHGNZH RHHFV!

Dear Alf and Cos,
I got fed up with all the American Super Heroes, so I drew up my own BRITISH Super Heroes and decided to send them to you fellas. Here they are.
The organisation is called the Criminal Opposition Organised Posse (COOP). These are its members.

1. GERMINAL GIRL . . . She is the founder of COOP. She can give any living thing any disease under the sun. All COOP members have CAVORITE BELTS. These give them the power to fly. They also all wear short-wave radios.

2. TOUGH MAN . . . He is immune to heat, electricity and all weapons. His one weakness is cold.

3. PSYCHO-ANALYST . . . He can read anyone's thoughts and can plant his own thoughts in their minds.

4. LASER WOMAN . . . She can produce laser beams with the squares on her cavorite belt. At 34, she is the oldest member of COOP. (The rest are under 23 years old.)

5. GUCHO GIRL . . . She is too young to join COOP (15 years old). She often helps them in her free time with her super sight and hearing. She rides a very fast black mountain horse which comes from her home in a European-Indian mountain village. She goes to school in Cornwall.

John Margetts,
Redruth.

Thanks for letting us hear about your new gang, John! When are you going to write up some of their adventures?
Alf and Cos.

★

DON'T KEEP US IN THE DARK!

When you write to us, fill in the coupon below and enclose it with your letter. Then we can be sure that we are filling our paper with the features you like best!

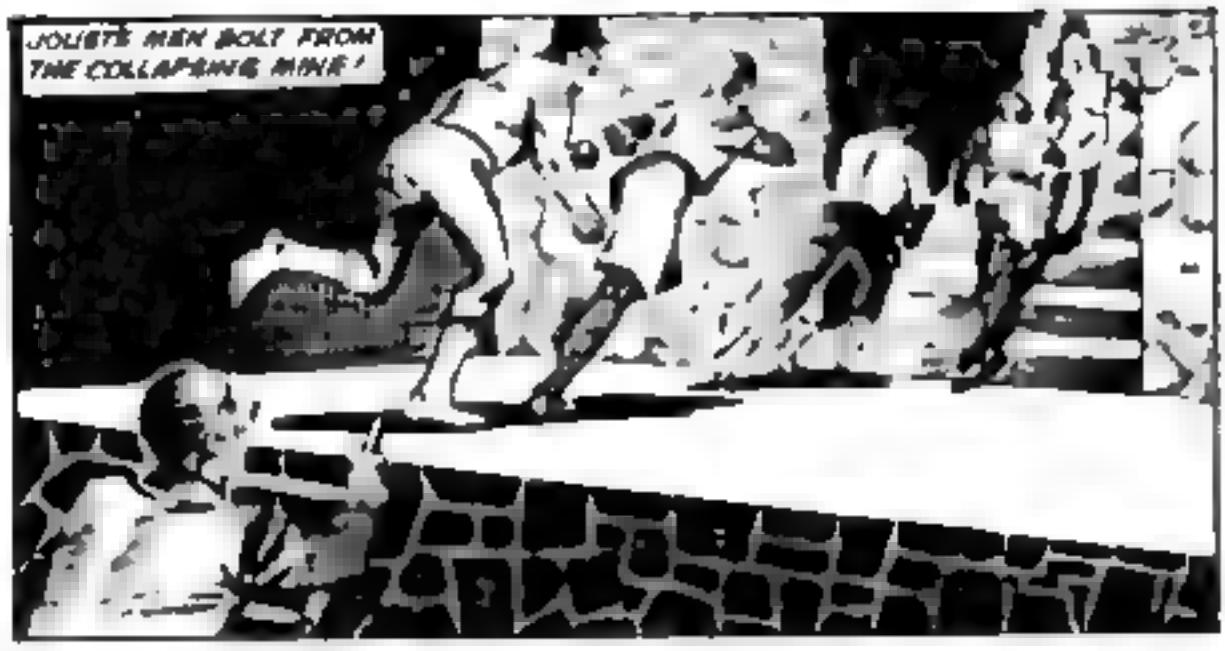
My favourite feature is: _____

The feature I dislike is: _____

To: Smash, 64 Long Acre, London W.C.2

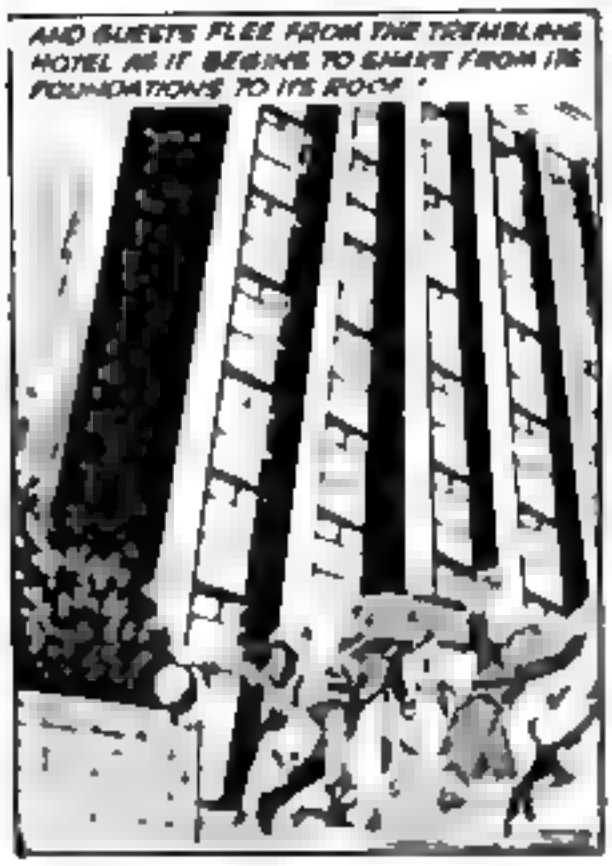
BABY SMASHER

BRIAN'S BRAIN


JOLIET'S MEN BOLT FROM THE COLLAPSING MINE!

MORE THROUGH FEAR OF LOSING ALL HE OWNS THAN COURAGE, JOLIET DASHES DOWN INTO THE COLLAPSING TUNNEL!
ALL MY WORK MY PLANNING MUST SAVE IT! I MUST!

MEANWHILE, BRIAN STILL OBEYS THE BRAIN'S RENTAL MESSAGE
YOU ARE SAFE IN THIS PART OF THE TUNNEL BRIAN KEEP DIGGING AND YOU'LL COME TO AN OLD BRICK WALL


AND GUESTS FLEE FROM THE TREMBLING HOTEL AS IT BEGINS TO SHAKE FROM ITS FOUNDATIONS TO ITS ROOF!

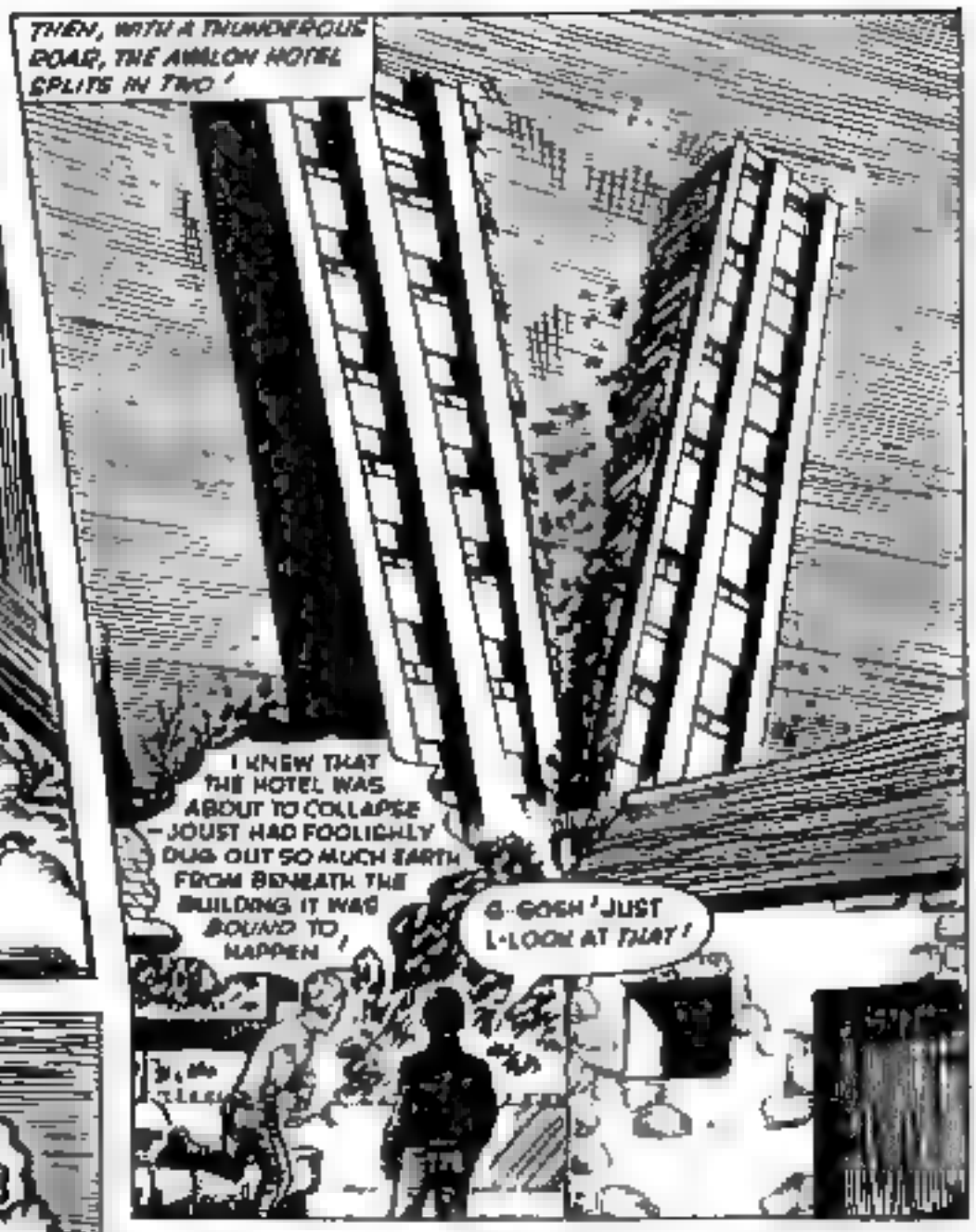
NOW YOU ARE BREAK-ING THROUGH! WHEN THE HOLE IS LARGE ENOUGH, CLIMB THROUGH IT!
I MUST BE GETTING CLOSER TO THE BRAIN — ITS MESSAGES ARE GETTING STRONGER!

BRIAN CLIMBS THROUGH INTO THE HOLE FROM AN OLD WALL
THE BRAIN! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
NO TIME FOR QUESTIONS! FEEL IN THE MUD AND YOU WILL FIND SEVERAL ITEMS OF THE TOTAL YOU SEEK! NOW — SHOVEL FOR YOUR LIFE, DUFFY!

DUFFY! IT'S BRIAN! HELP, DUFFY! — HELP!

PHEW! THIS IS HARD WORK!
NEED WRONG DUFFY — ALMOST THERE!

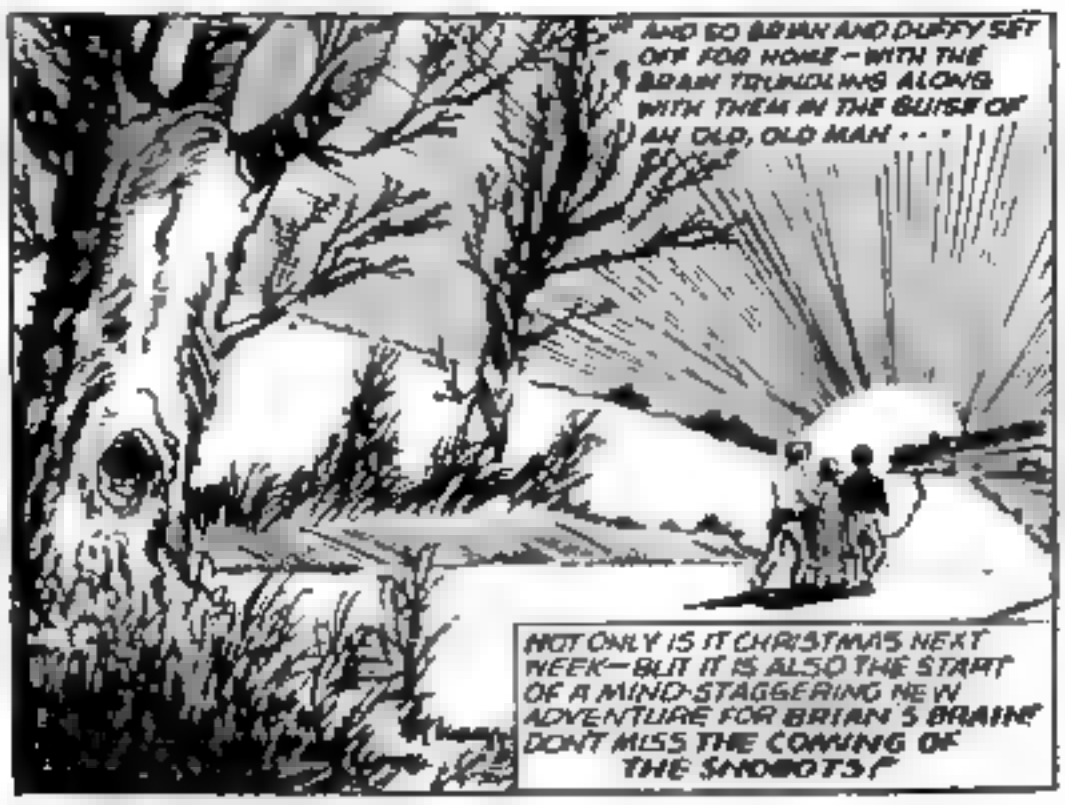
IN THE TUNNEL
ARGH! I CAN'T H-HOLD IT! I CAN'T!


THEN, WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR, THE AVALON HOTEL SPLITS IN TWO!
I KNEW THAT THE HOTEL WAS ABOUT TO COLLAPSE — JOUST HAD FOOLISHLY DUG OUT SO MUCH EARTH FROM BENEATH THE BUILDING IT WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN!
G-GOSH! JUST L-LOOK AT THAT!

OLD JOUST WILL NEVER FIND THAT TREASURE NOW — NOR WILL WE!
OH, YES WE WILL!

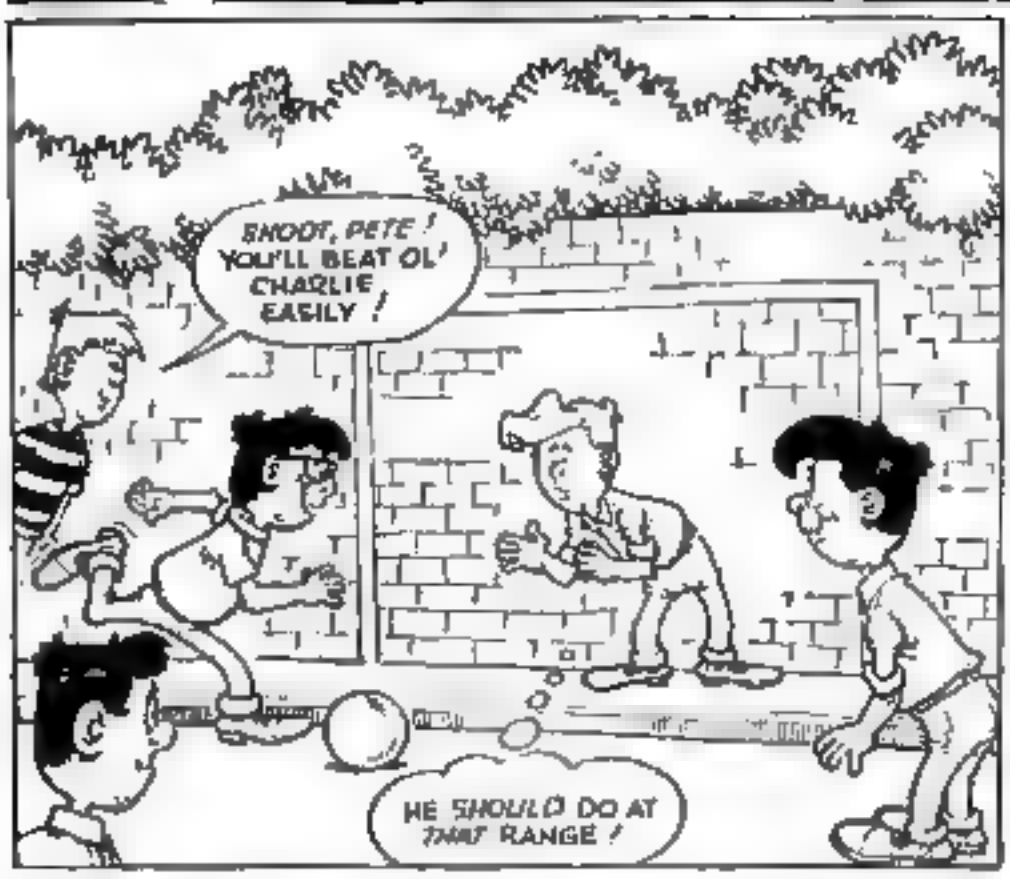
OH, NO! IT WAS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL — BUT NOW IT'S FULL OF WATER!
THE COLLAPSE OF THE HOTEL CAUSED A SMALL EARTH TREMOR WHICH CRACKED A WATER SEAM BENEATH THE GROUND!

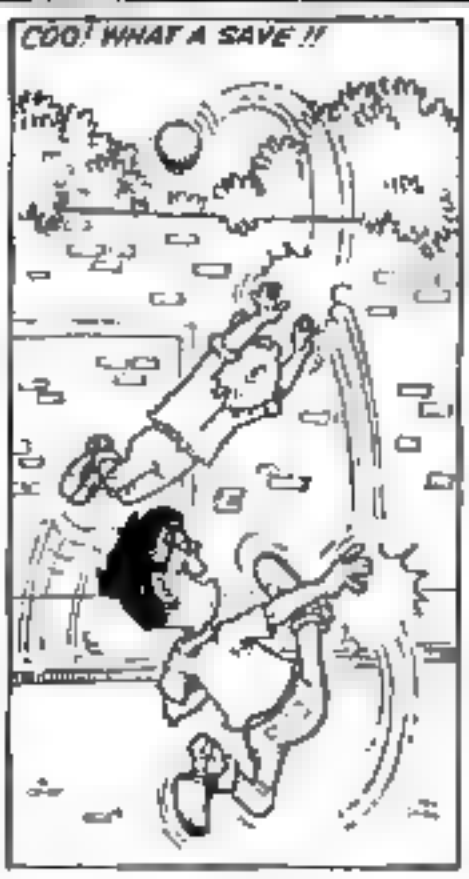
NEVER MIND. WE HAVE ENOUGH FOR OUR NEEDS. THIS WILL BUY DAD ALL THE THINGS HE NEEDS FOR HIS LABORATORY!
IT... IT'S PART OF THE LOST TREASURE!
THAT'S RIGHT, DUFFY — I BROUGHT IT UP IN THE WELL BUCKET!

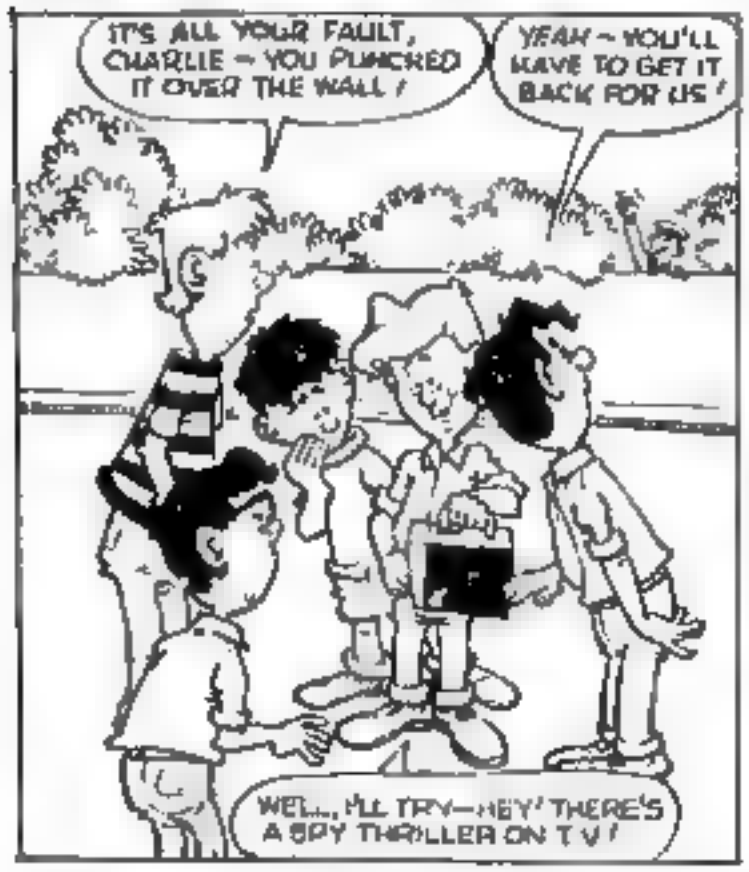

AND SO BRIAN AND DUFFY SET OFF FOR HOME — WITH THE BRAIN TRUNDLING ALONG WITH THEM IN THE GUISE OF AN OLD, OLD MAN . . .
NOT ONLY IS IT CHRISTMAS NEXT WEEK — BUT IT IS ALSO THE START OF A MIND-STAGGERING NEW ADVENTURE FOR BRIAN'S BRAIN! DON'T MISS THE COMING OF THE SNOBOTS!

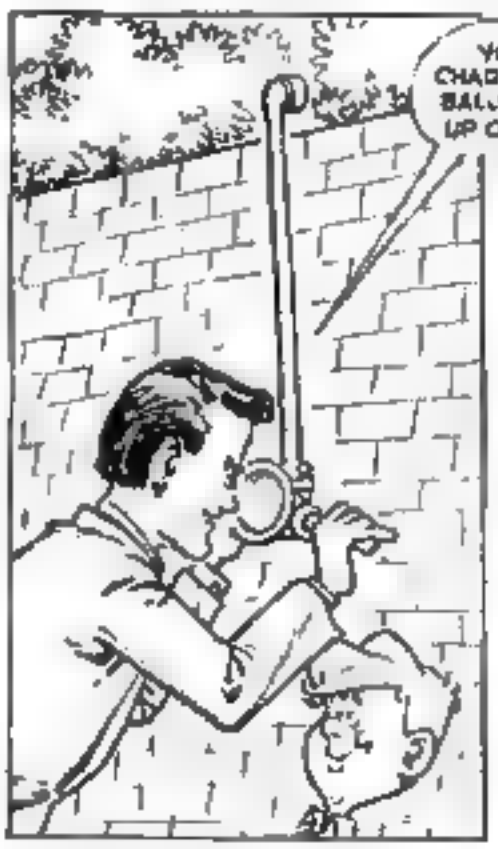
Charlie's Choice

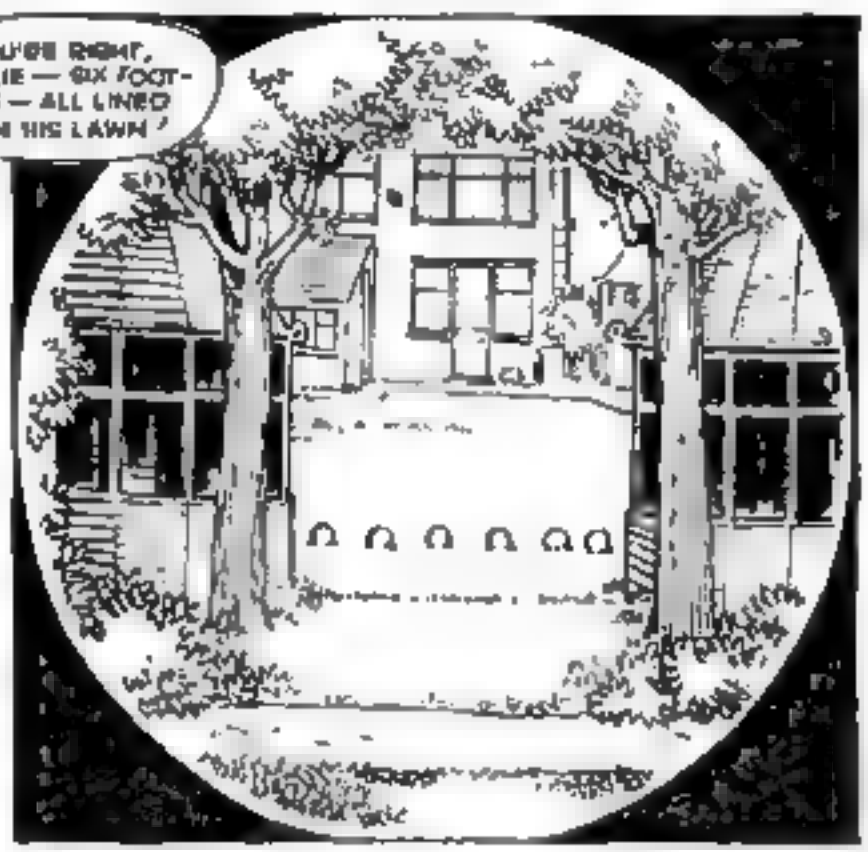
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE





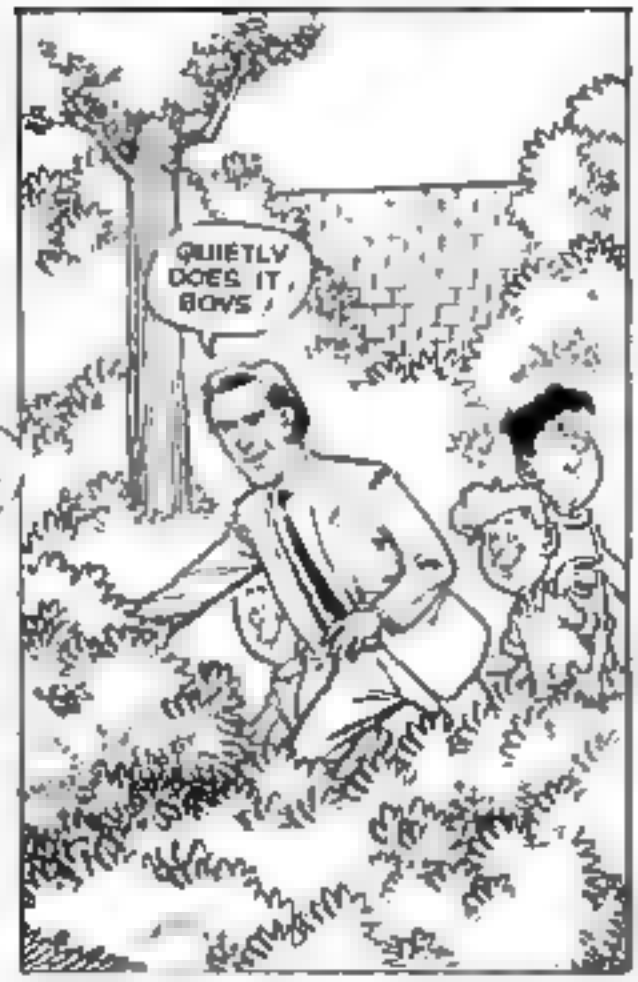






HEH! HEH! LET THEM TRY AND GET THEIR FOOTBALLS BACK, EH, BONZO!
GERRR!

LUCKY YOU HAD THIS MINI-LADDER IN YOUR POCKET!
ALL PART OF THE SERVICE, CHARLIE!


QUIETLY DOES IT, BOYS!

SUDDENLY—
SMASH!
BANG!
POW!
CRASH!
WHAM!
WHOOSH!
CRUNCH!
BOP!

HELP!
BLAM
RUN FOR IT, LADS — WE'RE BEING SHOT AT, OUCH! — AND BITTEN!

WHAT'S THIS? WE GET CLOBBERED AN' ALL YOU CAN DO IS PLAY WITH A HOOP!
THIS IS REALLY A CIRCULAR SAW— I'M GOING TO CUT A HOLE IN THIS WALL—

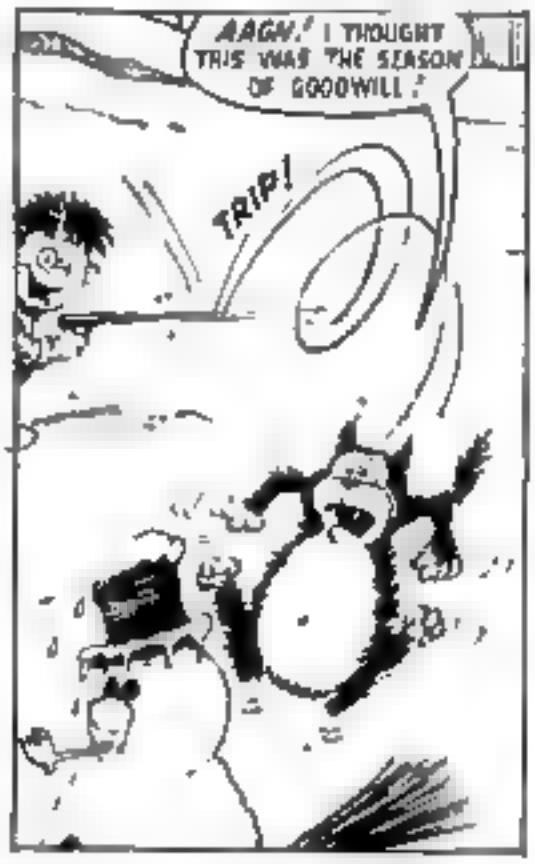
NOW I'LL TURN THAT DOG TO STONE WITH MY PETRIFIER RAY GUN!
GRLR!
GOSH!

A MINUTE LATER—
HERE'S YOUR FOOTBALLS, BOYS! CATCH!
OW!
OUCH!

YOU DAFT NIT! YOUR ROTTEN RAYGUN TURNED OUR FOOTBALLS TO STONE — GET BACK IN THE TELLY!
OUCH! HELP! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! HELP!

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH



MEET . . .

Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

★

WATER FALL!

This sounds an easy problem to solve until your pals try to do it. Tell them you are going to put a glass of water on the table so that they can't pick it up without spilling the lot. Just a glass of water on a table—nothing else! Only one thing—the table must have a smooth, flat surface.

Okay? Now—let's go . . . you fill your glass full, and then put a thin piece of card on the top. Turn it upside down (air pressure keeps the water in for you) and begin to set it down. Now press a bit on the bottom of the glass and gently slide the card from under. And there's a glass of water upside down—try picking that up without losing any!

The only problem I haven't worked out for you is how YOU are going to get it off the table after they've given up! Best have Mum standing by with a bucket and mop!

Stand a threepenny piece on its edge beneath an upturned glass and place a piece of paper on it. Now ask anyone to make the paper fall off without removing the glass or thumping or pushing the table.

How is it done . . .?

You simply rub a comb briskly on your sleeve and hold it against the glass—static electricity will do the rest!

What is the best thing to put into cakes?

Your teeth!

A REAL SUCKER!

All you need for this is a broom and a good sized plastic bowl. Tell those disbelieving mates of yours that you're going to make the bowl, filled with water, stick to the ceiling.

Get on a chair and hold the bowl against the ceiling, then ask one of them to hold it there with the end of the broom while you get down. Now get off the chair—and walk away with it!

The only real sucker of course, will be whoever is holding the broom. Because if he lets go, it's going to dampen his party spirit for a while.

Plane Baffling!

Is the distance between the pointed noses of aircraft A and B more—or less—than the distance between B and C? Check your answer with a ruler.

Hold your thumb and finger apart. Now, with your other hand, drop a pound note so that you catch it between the thumb and finger. Do this several times in front of your mates BEFORE YOU CHALLENGE ONE OF THEM to try and catch it between his finger and thumb as you let it fall. He'll never do it—as neither would you if he were letting the note fall!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

RUBBERMAN HAS RECEIVED AN INVITATION TO SPEND CHRISTMAS AT THE CASTLE OF BARON VON SCHULK. TOGETHER WITH GARY AMES, ANOTHER GUEST, HE IS TRAVELLING UP TO THE BARON'S MOUNTAIN FORTRESS BY CABLE CAR. SUDDENLY A CABLE SNAPS...

MY POOR FRIENDS! WHAT A TERRIBLE ORDEAL! HOW LUCKY YOU WERE TO HAVE ESCAPED!

LUCKY IS RIGHT! LUCKY I HAD RUBBERMAN WITH ME! OR I'D STILL BE BOUNCING ON THE BOTTOM OF THE MOUNTAIN!

THEY ARE USHERED INTO THE CASTLE...

BUT, NOW YOU ARE HERE, LET US PUT SUCH UNFORTUNATE HAPPENINGS BEHIND US. COME ALONG AND MEET MY OTHER GUESTS.

BOY, SEE WHO WE HAVE FOR COMPANY. THAT'S HUNTER HAWKE, THE BIG-GAME HUNTER. COLONEL SMITH, THE SOLDIER-OF-FORTUNE GUY. AND THAT SPORTY TYPE IS CLIVE ALLSON, TOP HE-MAN FILM STAR! IN FACT WE ALL SEEM TO COME UNDER THE LOOSE CATEGORY OF... **MEN OF ACTION!**

THROUGH THE EVE OF CHRISTMAS NIGHT, THE BARON TALKED... OF THE THRILL OF DANGER AND COMBAT...

...NOTHING CAN COMPARE WITH IT, GENTLEMEN. THE DELIGHT OF COMPETING AGAINST A WORTHY FOE. THE EXQUISITE THRILL OF KNOWING THAT ONLY ONE'S OWN PROWESS HOLDS DEATH AT BAY...

LOOK! THERE'S HIS BATMAN. BUT WE LEFT HIM AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN. THERE MUST BE ANOTHER WAY UP HERE... FOR THE CABLE CAR LINE HAS NOT BEEN MENDED!

THE NEXT DAY...

BEFORE WE BEGIN OUR SEASONAL FARE, I HAVE AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO MAKE! YOU ARE NOT ONLY MY GUESTS— BUT MY **PRISONERS!**

BUT DO NOT THINK YOU CAN OVERPOWER ME. PLEASE GO TO THAT WINDOW... AND OTTO, MY FAITHFUL BATMAN WILL SHOW YOU WHY!

FOKKER!

SECONDS LATER A DISTANT MOUNTAIN PEAK ERUPTS...

YOU SEE? OTTO HAS PRESSED A REMOTE CONTROL BUTTON... JUST BY WAY OF DEMONSTRATION! AND THERE IS A SIMILAR CHARGE PLACED UNDER THIS CASTLE... ANY ATTEMPT TO MUTINY WILL CAUSE OTTO TO SET OFF THIS SECOND CHARGE. HE AND I WILL GO UP WITH IT... AS WILL YOU ALL! BUT THIS WILL NOT DETER OTTO OR MYSELF!

YOU... YOU'RE CRAZY! **MAD!**

CRAZY? PERHAPS! BUT THERE IS A PURPOSE TO MY... MADNESS... AS YOU SHALL DISCOVER! ONE OTHER THING, DO NOT THINK YOU CAN GET THE REMOTE CONTROL FROM OTTO. SHOW THEM WHY, OTTO!

AS YOU SEE, OTTO IS A MAN OF MUCH STRENGTH. AS INVINCIBLE AS ANY HUMAN CAN EVER BE...!

B-BUT, WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT? WHY HAVE YOU BROUGHT US HERE?

CRAACK!

ALL WILL BE REVEALED— IN DUE COURSE! BUT NOW, MY MOST DISTINGUISHED GUESTS, BE SEATED...

...EAT WELL, WHILE YOU MAY— FOR TOMORROW **YOU MAY DIE!**

ONLY THE STRANGE AND TWISTED MIND OF **THE BARON** KNOWS WHAT IS IN STORE FOR HIS GUESTS. BUT **YOU** CAN BE SURE IT WILL MAKE THRILLING READING **NEXT WEEK!**

THE NERVS

THEY ALL LIVE IN FATTY!

HUH! THOSE TWERPS ARE ALWAYS AFTER BLOOD IN THERE — THEY KEEP LOSING IT!

NOSE DEPT. BLOOD DONORS WANTED

FATTY'S LEFT NOSTRIL

DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU LOT DO WITH ALL THE STUFF — IT'S LUCKY FOR YOU I'D DO ANYTHING FOR A CUP OF TEA!

BE A BLOOD DONOR (Free cup of tea)

FREE T URN

BLOOD TANK

MEANWHILE, IN FATTY'S EYE DEPARTMENT...

AAGH! FATTY'S IN A FIGHT AGAIN — I'D BETTER WARN THE NOSE NERVS!

THE FAT TWERP'S FIGHTING! HE'LL BE GETTING A PUNCH ON THE SNITCH ANY MINUTE NOW — TAKE COVER!

YOU'LL SOON SEE WHERE ALL THE BLOOD GOES NOW!

TAKE THAT, YOU FAT TWERP — MAYBE THIS'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO PINCH MY SWEETS!

AAGH! BUT I WAS STARVING! WAA-AAH!

BLOOD VESSEL

BLOOD TANK

THERE IT GOES AGAIN — ONE PUNCH ON THE SNITCH AND YOU'D THINK AN EARTHQUAKE HAD HIT THIS PLACE!

AND THERE'S WHERE THE BLOOD GOES — IT HAPPENS EVERY TIME WE GET SOME SAVED UP!

GOSH! SO THAT'S IT, IS IT? THE ROTTEN, GREEDY, FAT TWERP!

BLOOD TANK

WAA-AAH! I'LL TELL MY MAMMY OF YOU — YOU MADE MY NOSE BLEED!

YOU DO — AND I'LL THICKEN YOUR EAR AS WELL!

BOB! ROTTEN BULLY! I'LL HOLD MY HEAD BACK AND SEE IF IT STOPS THE BLEEDING!

AAGH! IT'S COMING BACK AT US — THE TWERP'S SENDING IT BACK!

MY TEA AT LAST — CHEERS!

SWISH!

WAA-AAH! WHAT'S THE BIG FAT TWERP UP TO NOW? HELP! HELP!

SWISH!

WAA-AAH! I'LL PULVERISE KIM FOR THIS — HE'S SPILLED ME TEA — THIS IS WAR! AAGH!

NOSE DEPT.

AS SOON AS FATTY RAISES HIS HEAD AGAIN THAT BLOOD IS GOING TO COME SHOOTING BACK IN HERE!
NOSE DEPT.
YEAH! WE'LL HAVE TO STOP IT GOING BACK OUT! GASP! GASP!

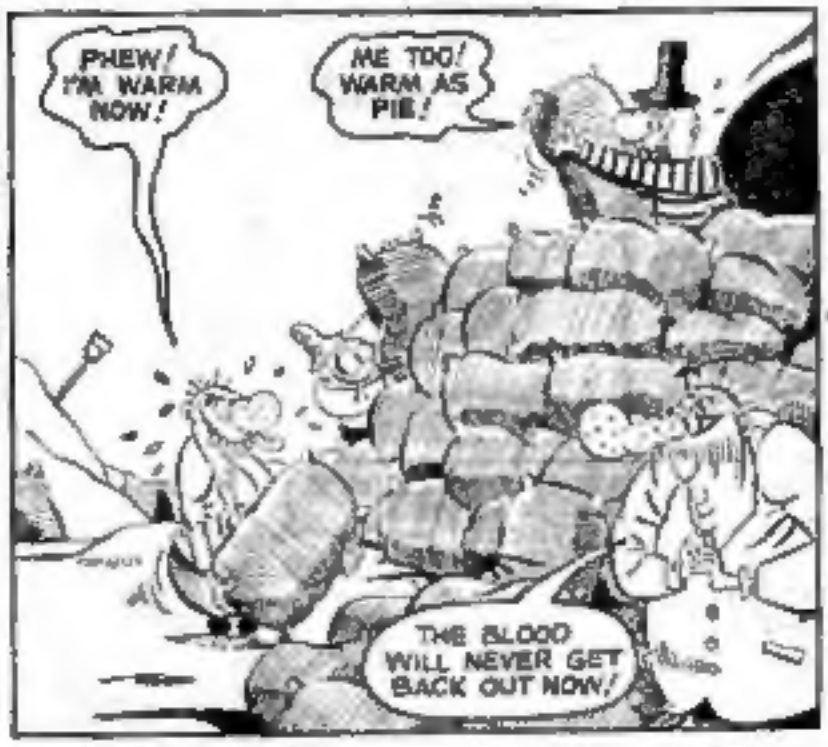
IT'S NO GOOD—WE'LL NEVER DO IT ON OUR OWN!
WE NEED HELP, BUT WHO'D HELP US? GASP! GASP!

BEEN FIGHTING AGAIN? THERE'S NOTHING LIKE SOMETHING COLD DOWN THE BACK OF YOUR NECK TO STOP A NOSE BLEED!
I SUPPOSE IT LOCKS IT IN, EH? RUBBISH!

AAGH! WHAT'S HAPPENING? I'M F-FREEZING!
FREEZING COLD AIR
NECK DEPT.
WE'LL F-F-FREEZE TO D-D-DEATH! WAA-AAH!
I'LL GET CHILBLAINS ON ME CORNS!

AND HERE COMES THAT POOR LITTLE NERV ON THE CREST OF THE BLOOD-TIDE!
ER—YOU'LL SOON GET HOTTED UP IN THE NOSE DEPARTMENT. THEY NEED HELP UP THERE!
WHOOSH!
NECK DEPT
THE A-N-NOSE DEPARTMENT ??? O.K. LET'S GO! ANYTHING TO GET RID OF THE COLD DOWN HERE!

YEOW! HELP IS AT HAND—WELCOME, LADS! WELCOME!


PHEW! I'M WARM NOW!
ME TOO! WARM AS PIE!
THE BLOOD WILL NEVER GET BACK OUT NOW!

G-GULP! LET'S SEE IF IT'S STOPPED!
RAISE!

AAGH! IT'S ABOUT-TURNING—IT'S GOING BACK! I'LL GO WHOOSHING OUT OF FATTY'S LEFT NOSTRIL! HELP! HELP!

WAAH! WHO PUT THAT THERE?

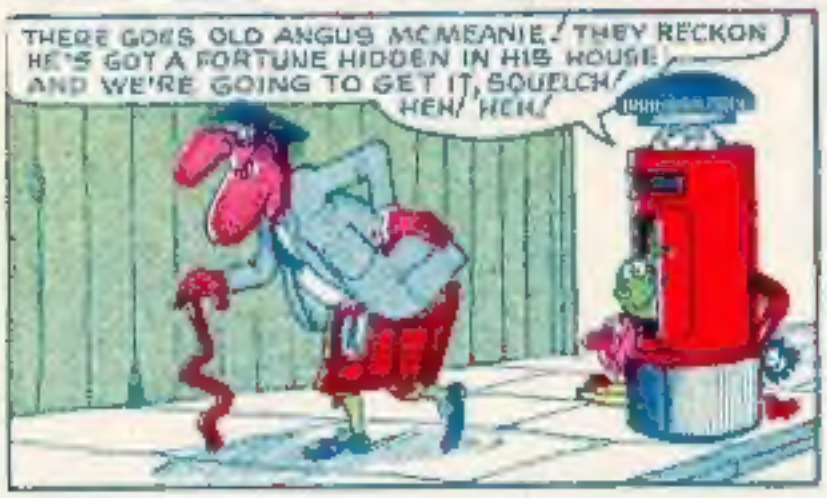
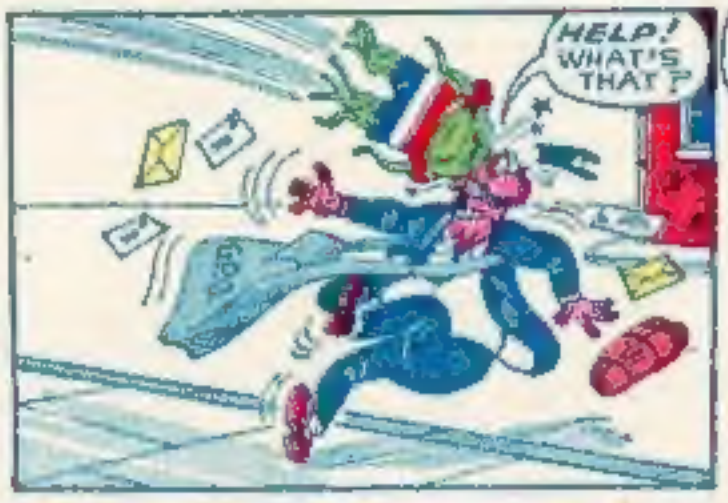
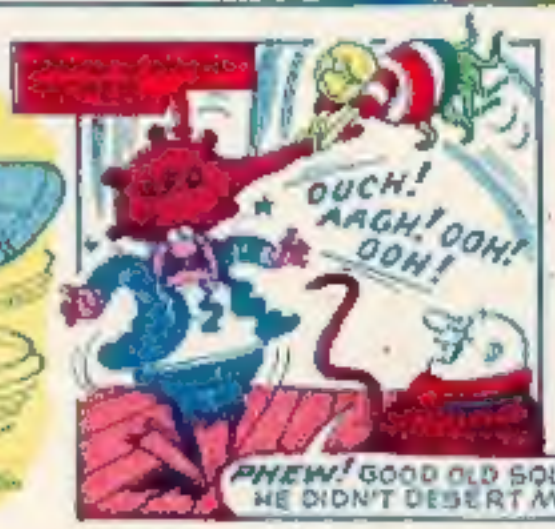
WAAH! ME BONCE!

GOSH! THAT COLD KEY DID THE TRICK—NO BLOOD'S COMING OUT NOW!

BAH! WHAT I'LL DO FOR A CUP OF TEA!

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!

AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!